THE COLUMBIAN PHENIX, AND BOSTON REVIEW.

APRIL, 1800.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PERPETUAL PATENT LOG.

THE Log is conſtructed entirely of braſs weights, of from 3 to 4 pounds; it is towed after the ſhip by a line of ſuch convenient length, as, having regard to the velocity of the ſhip and roughneſs of the ſea, the Log is always clear of the ſhip's wake, and always under water. It is very portable, elegant and durable; not liable to be diſordered; eaſily underſtood, and regular and accurate in its performance. It is perpetual in its operation, and need only to be taken in for inſpection at the commencement of every new courſe. It exhibits, at one view, any diſtance, from one tenth of a mile to one thouſand miles, by means of four indexes, or hands, which move round graduated circles, and ſhews the diſtance as a clock ſhews time, and will effectually correct every error to which the common Log is liable, (currents excepted, the effect of which will be much diminiſhed) ſuch as errors ariſing from a bad glaſs, from the uncertain length of the log line, which ſometimes ſtretches conſiderably, from the experiment being badly made, and from the variable ſtate of the wind, heave of the ſea, &c.

The conſtruction of the Log is as follows:—

A braſs cylinder is prepared, 3 inches in diameter, 10 inches in length, guarded at the fore end by a net-work of braſs wire, terminating in a point, to prevent the entrance of ſea-weed, and other improper ſubſtances. In the centre of this cylinder is ſuſpended a wheel, conſtructed of braſs, with 3 or more vanes, ſo as to revolve about its axis freely within the cylinder, and is acted upon by the water on the ſame principle as wind acts on a wind-mill. The column of water which paſſes through this cylinder is always in exact proportion to the velocity of the

the ſhip. The angle with which the wheel preſents itſelf to the courſe of the water may be increaſed or diminiſhed at pleaſure, which furniſhes means to regulate the inſtrument to the true diſtance with great eaſe. This wheel being regulated ſo as to revolve about its axis twice in each rood, communicates motion to 6 ſmall ſtrong braſs wheels, the four laſt of which move indexes round gradual circles, and at all times gives the ſhip's diſtance by inſpection. The machine is preſerved in a horizontal poſition by a ſmall braſs plate, adjuſted to the hind part by ſcrews for that purpoſe. The 1ſt wheel next to the forty has 96 teeth; the 2d has 36; the 3d, 4th, 5th, and 6th have 6 teeth each. The pinions have all ſix leaves, except the firſt, which has eight.

*** We are authorized in affirming to the public, that this marine machine is more competent to the material purpoſes of meaſuring a ſhip's diſtance at ſea, than the common Log, or any other inſtrument at preſent extant. Commodore BARRY, of the United States Frigate, has purchaſed one of the *Perpetual Logs*, and after various experiments has approved it in the warmeſt terms. We cannot terminate this article without obſerving, that it is an invention, which does high honour to the inventor, Mr. GOULD, and the country which gave him birth; and he will unqueſtionably be ranked with a FRANKLIN and a RITTENHOUSE, as dignifying America, their native ſoil, and benefiting all mankind.

THE HERMIT OF VIRGINIA. No. III.

DEAR ALWYN,

YOU know that ſoon after we left the univerſity of Leyden, my father died, and left me in poſſeſſion of an immenſe fortune. How to improve it to the beſt advantage, was my firſt object. I concluded that the only way to enjoy life, was to realize it. For this purpoſe, I determined to viſit the principal towns and cities of Europe, and reſide awhile in thoſe of the moſt eminence. Attended by a ſingle ſervant, I ſet out for Hamburgh, and took lodgings in one of the moſt public ſtreets of that city. Poſſeſſed, as you well know I was, of ardent and inflammable paſſions, high notions of popular honour, and an exquiſite ſenſibility, it can be no ſubject of admiration that I was drawn into ſcenes critical and intereſting. Young, and recently transferred from the walls and ſhackles of a literary priſon, to the walks of affluence and ſplendor, can it be ſurpriſing that I ſhould be ſo far blinded by the luſtre of life, as to view objects in an unreal and deceptive light?

My titles, which, with my property, deſcended to me from my father, introduced me to the firſt families and moſt faſhionable circles in Hamburgh. I underſtood moſt of the living languages in Europe, conſequently my acquaintance was not confined to my own nation. I ſoon wore off the ruſt of a ſedentary habit, and aſſimi-

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lated my manners with my diſpoſition. And, as you well know, Alwyn, that my perſon was far from indifferent, I became a peculiar favorite of the ladies, and, of courſe, an envied rival to my compeer gallants. Thus ſtimulated, I gave the reins to my favorite paſſion, and hurried through ſcenes of diſſipatious taſte, until the Count Lewitzer was as famous for gallantry in the city of Hamburgh, as Baron Trenck for fortitude and firmneſs in the dungeons of Magdeburg.

I had taken an airing one day on horſeback. On my return, being unacquainted with the roads, I loſt my way. I ordered my ſervant to ride up to a peaſant's houſe, to obtain directions. He received information that we were in an unfrequented part of the country, fifteen miles from the city. It began to grow duſk, and a heavy ſhower was ariſing. We ſpurred on in the road they directed us, until we came into a bye-lane, which led into a deep valley, ſkirted on each ſide by thick woods. Here the roughneſs of the way obliged us to ſlack our pace. The ſhower had nearly overtaken us. As we deſcended the declivity, we heard a carriage rattling down the oppoſite hill, in full ſpeed. As it paſſed us, we diſcovered it (by the light of a flaſh of lightning) to be a phaeton, in which ſat a gentleman, holding a lady in his arms. She diſcovered us, and ſtruggling, called out in a voice of anguiſh, "For Heaven's ſake, Sir, relieve a diſtreſſed lady from impending wretchedneſs and miſery!" We inſtantly turned, and ſoon came up with the carriage. My ſervant ſtopped the horſes, by ſeizing one of them by the bridle. The gentleman immediately fired a piſtol, which, being haſtily aimed, killed his own poſtillion, and wounded my ſervant in the arm. The frightened horſes ruſhed furiouſly forward, and the carriage was ſoon overturned with a terrible craſh. I ſprang from my horſe, and flew to the place. The gentleman had fled; but the lady lay buried in the ruins of the wreck. I raiſed her in my arms, not knowing whether ſhe was living or dead. Shortly, a burſting ſigh convinced me of the former. "Spare me!" ſhe cries, in tremulous accents of deepeſt agony; "ſpare me! If your breaſt contains one ſentiment of mercy, ruin not an unhappy maiden, who never deſigned you injury!" I deſired her to be compoſed, and told her ſhe was free from danger, and ſhould have every aſſiſtance which was in my power to give. "Am I then ſafe!" ſhe feelingly replied, "may Heaven reward you with its richeſt bounties." As I perceived ſhe was weak and faint, and had received conſiderable injury in the fall, I did not think it ſafe to prolong the converſation. With the aſſiſtance of my ſervant, who was but ſlightly wounded, I raiſed a ſort of ſhelter from the ſtorm with the wreck of the phaeton, into which I removed the lady, and ſent my ſervant in ſearch of aſſiſtance. I took my ſeat beſide her, ſhe leaned upon my breaſt. The ſcene was grand, ſolemn and ſublime. The rain poured in torrents; the wind howled through the foreſt; the red lightning, momentarily, involved the world in ſheeted flame, and pitchy darkneſs alternately ſucceeded. The loud thunder pealed through the heavens, and

echoed

echoed and rebounded among the ſurrounding hills.

My ſervant ſoon returned with a poſt-chaiſe, and ſeveral armed peaſants. He informed me, that he had found an inn, within about one mile, to which I immediately prepared to convey the lady. The peaſants were diſpatched to bury the poſtillion, to ſecure the horſes, and to gather up the fragments of the phaeton. We ſoon arrived at the inn, which was a ſmall hut, by the road ſide, containing only two rooms on a floor. We found, however, better entertainment than we expected. The lady was furniſhed with a change of clothes, which, though but indifferent, were yet exceedingly neceſſary, as her own were very wet. A room and fire were provided, to which we retired; but the lady was ſo much indiſpoſed, that ſhe could take no refreſhment. She deſired to be excuſed, and retired to bed.----And here, Alwyn, ſuffer me to expreſs to you my feelings. Never before had I ſeen ſo much beauty and ſymmetrical perfection, as in this unfortunate fair. Her harmonizing voice, her expreſſive eyes, and the unrivalled grace of all her actions, ſported with my affections, and played around my heart, like the gentle gales of ſummer, in a garden waving with the ſplendours of ſpring.

The next morning the peaſants were alarmed, and ſcoured the adjoining foreſts, in ſearch of the offender; but he was no where to be found. His horſes were taken up, grazing upon the commons, but no information could be obtained concerning the owner. I aroſe early, and learned from the miſtreſs of the houſe, that the lady had been much diſtreſſed through the night. I viſited her, and found her in a high fever and ſlight delirium. She had diſcharged a quantity of blood from the mouth, and experienced frequent faintings. I immediately ſent for a phyſician, who pronounced her in a dangerous ſituation, as ſhe had been much bruiſed by the fall, in conſequence of which a blood veſſel had broken in her lungs. For four days, her life was deſpaired of; but on the fifth, more favourable ſymptoms appeared. Reaſon reſumed her throne; but ſhe was too weak to enter into diſcourſe; conſequently, nothing could be diſcovered, with reſpect to unravelling this myſterious affair, or of the lady's own hiſtory. Theſe muſt be the ſubject of my next letter.

The hoarſe nocturnal wind whiſtles lonely round my cell. The voice of the ſolemn owl ſounds terrific in the ſurrounding foreſts. The genius of my latter days ſummons me to my midnight oriſons, and engages to inſpire my dreams with pleaſing ſcenes of former days.

An Addreſs to Chloe, on ſeeing the Lady kiſs her Cat.

CHLOE, ſweet girl! in pity hear
This ſmall requeſt, that I may live;
Let me with your grimalkin ſhare
The balmy kiſſes which you give.

And when in ſearch of mouſe or rat,
Puſs range abroad with zeal moſt fervent;
Rather than wait to kiſs your cat--
Kiſs in her ſtead your humble ſervant. J. K. C.

THE CURATE OF ELMWOOD.——A TALE.

Written by *ANTHONY PASQUIN*, Esq.

Inconſtant Fortune, light as air,
Involves us now in black deſpair:
Now ſoothes with flattering ſmiles;
In diſappointments takes delight,
And, mocking us in cruel ſpite,
All human kind beguiles.

King of Pruſſia, to Count Bruhl.

[This novel poſſeſſes great merit: it may be obſerved with much truth, that it has paſſed through many editions in Great-Britain and Ireland, and is the only novel ever compoſed by this author. The principal incidents in this ſimple tale, are copied from nature; it connects humour with ſentiment, and is ſubſervient to the purpoſes of morality.]

THE CURATE AND HIS DAUGHTER.

IF thou art a Curate, O reader, and haſt already *one* pariſh in thy poſſeſſion, be contented, and ſeek not to have *two*. Be aſſured that Contentment is better than to have *two livings*.

Many good people beſides Shakeſpeare, have been born upon the Avon; and one of them was the Curate of the Pariſh of Elmwood. Of a family of nine people, parents and children, only he and his daughter JULIA remained.

The old parſon could do many things beſides eating his pudding, drink his October, and collect his tithes;—important qualifications, which have been, from time immorial, annexed to the office of curate.--He carried the ſciences in his head, and morality in his heart; I mean, ſo far as they are connected with manners or ſentiment—Added to this, he preached an excellent ſermon, wore his own grey hairs, and had the gout; but above all, he loved, moſt dearly loved, his beautiful daughter JULIA.

And well did ſhe deſerve his love.—Sweet Maid! if ever I forget thee, may my fancy loſe her flights, and my pen its movements; if ever I forget the majeſtic elegance of thy form—or the liquid blue ſwimming in thy eye—or the half roſe, half-lily colours glowing on thy cheek, like the ſtreaks of the Weſt in a July evening.—

Her perſon had all thoſe undeſcribable points of divine beauty, which the pure imagination aſcribes to angels—Her mind was faſhioned by the ſciences—Her diſpoſition by charity, and her ſentiment by truth.

The manſion of theſe contented relatives roſe in the centre of the pariſh—it was neither ſtately nor proud—like its inhabitants, it was modeſt, and ſeemed to retire into an obſcure and ſilent glade, formed between various clumps of ſhrubbery, and a ridge of riſing ground. At a ſmall diſtance rolled the ſilver Avon, ever muſical, now mantling over a rocky channel, and now gliding through plains and fields covered with wild flowers.

Through theſe fields, and along theſe ſkirted banks, full oft did the Curate and his daughter purſue their walk—In that ſweet hour of

of the evening, when the Sun ſeems dropping behind the hills, and throws a feeble but pleaſing beam over the landſcape; then might you ſee them wander, arm in arm, and ſlowly on the Avon-ſide. "JULIA (he would ſay to his daughter) my dear JULIA, you and my pariſh are the comforts of my life. Ye are all my children—but you, JULIA, you are my friend—The thirſty loves not to drink, nor the weary to reſt, more than I love to look upon *you*—What would become of me, JULIA, wert thou gone? And when I am gone, my daughter, what will become of thee?"—"I hope, father, we ſhall die both together."—"God grant it! God grant it!" anſwered the good old man.

Thus peaceably glided on their lives, till an unlucky accident in the neighbouring pariſh diſturbed their tranquillity. The vicar of that pariſh died.—The moment our Curate was informed of this, it rouſed one of his worſt paſſions; he had now but one wiſh to be gratified in this world; and that was, to have the neighbouring vicarage in poſſeſſion. "My dear father (ſaid the unambitious JULIA) have we not competence; and does not competence afford us felicity? and is not this ſufficient?"—Aye, all that was very true: but then the vicarage lay ſo ſnug—juſt at his own door; and he wanted to have it in his power to leave ſomething to his JULIA after his death.

But much remained yet to be done. The Curate had talked like a man unacquainted with calculations, and his fancy (old as it was) got the ſtart of his judgment. He did not conſider that Lord C—— the patron of the living, reſided at London, and that his own limbs were too gouty to carry him thither—for perſonal application is abſolutely neceſſary in theſe caſes: Beſides, the clergy, though they are continually adviſing their flocks to keep their eyes fixed upon the good things of Heaven only, have an irreſiſtible propenſity to keep their own eyes uniformly fixed upon the good things of this earth—Every moment, therefore, was important—to loſe a minute was to loſe a vicarage;—and while he was talking, ſome other reverend brother, who had no gout in his toes, no daughter to provide for, might be poſting to his Lordſhip in Berkeley-Square.

The old man became now greatly agitated; and that boſom, which ought to have been the manſion of reſignation and peace, was diſturbed by reſtleſs wiſhes, and ill-timed deſpair. The ſympathetic ſoul of JULIA was tumultuous; her heart throbbed with guiltleſs pangs, and ſhe felt for the griefs of her father. She tried to ſoothe him, but tried in vain; ſhe argued againſt his wiſhes, but ſhe was arguing againſt the follies of old age, which are incurable.

The evening came, but came not as uſual; this man of deſpair was unconſcious of its charms—His ſoul was deaf to the voice of Nature, even when her notes were ſweeteſt—at the cloſe of the day. He liſtened not to the minſtrelſy of the hinds, nor the choral harmony of the groves; the flocks cluſtered in the meadows unnoticed: and the ſun poured his evening glories over the hamlet unregarded—Even JULIA did not charm him: he ſaw her kneel at his ſide without emotion, and he heard her ſighs without pity.

Here

Here a father and a friend was loſt to happineſs—the only friend too ſhe had in the world—and ſorrows much leſs than theſe would have murdered the peace of JULIA.—She had already knelt by the ſide of her worn parent: ſhe now claſped his hand cloſely in her own, and fixing her blue eyes pathetically on his countenance, begged that he would not refuſe her one requeſt—"What was that?"—To permit *her* to go to London, and ſolicit the living.

Electricity could not touch him quicker. The voice of JULIA was pathetic, and it awakened him—His affections returned in an inſtant: he leaned over his daughter, and gave her to underſtand, that it was impoſſible to grant her requeſt; that he would not part with her for a biſhoprick; and that ſhe muſt not think to part with him—She replied; he anſwered; and ſhe re-anſwered; in ſhort, the conteſt was long, ſtubborn, and eloquent: and though there was not much learning in it, it abounded with Nature, a richer quality—Suffice it to ſay, that JULIA conquered; and ſhe obtained, with great difficulty, what ſhe called the honorable office of being her father's meſſenger.

It has been obſerved already, that diſpatch is one of the few roads to preferment. As no time was therefore to be loſt, it was agreed that ſhe ſhould ſet off the next morning. The Warwick ſtage paſſed through the neighbouring market-town, and ſhe might walk thither to meet it. The old man retired to get his letters ready, and JULIA to make her little preparations for her calamitous journey.

How they ſlept, themſelves knew beſt; but when the morning came, the Curate's opinions were entirely changed. "He had thought better upon the ſubject, and he was reſolved not to let her go—The roads were dangerous, and London was ſtill more ſo—beſides, ſhe might turn ſick—or the coach might be overturned ---ſhe might be killed—and he ſhould never ſee her more." JULIA knew that theſe fears were only the tender workings of timid Nature, and ſhe oppoſed them. In ſhort, the conteſt was renewed with its former warmth; and the affection of the daughter triumphed once more over the tenderneſs of the father. He conſented again to let her go, on condition that JOE, his labourer, his gardener, his footman, his hoſtler, his every thing, ſhould attend her with his friendly care—ſhould be the companion of her journey.

Now this JOE was the aukwardeſt mortal—Never, ſure, did a more ſimple 'ſquire page it at the heels of a fair lady—Neither the Sancho of Don Quixotte, nor the Pedrillo of Roſalva, were more arrant children of Nature—were guided by more native ſimplicity.—He and his occupations ſeemed made for each other, ſo exactly were they reſpectively fitted. He was never famous but for two things; viz. for whiſtling, after his team, the loudeſt and moſt muſical notes of any in the village—and for knitting ſtockings: this was all the reputation he had in this gairiſh world—on his forehead ſat candour, unprofitably enthroned, and on his tongue truth—His viſage was the ſymbol of integrity—His ruddy cheek was tinted like a cloud in the weſt, at the eve of a glorious day—The ſenſations of guilt had

not

not deranged the line of human beauty!

Now, reader, ſtop a moment, and bethink thee of this plan and of this journey—A village virgin, pure as the ſnow-drop in the valley, attended by a village boor, are ſetting out for London—For *London*, I ſay—in queſt of a vicarage! The thing was worthy of a village curate—The deſcent of Eneas into Hell was, in compariſon of this, walking upon carpets.

Facilis deſcenſus Averni,
Sed revecare gradum——

Our travellers were now ready to begin their walk to the market-town, which was but four miles diſtant. Without palfrey, armour, or other retinue, than the children of the neighbourhood; JULIA and her father led the van, and the reſt followed—JOE, as if conſcious that he was entering upon a ſervice of danger, aſſumed a ſtatelier port and a more auguſt expreſſion than uſual; with a clean ſhirt in his left pocket, bacon and cheeſe in his right, and an oak ſapling in his hand, he towered majeſtically in the midſt of the children, with a ſtern aſpect and long ſtrides.

The company had now walked a mile, and were to part. On this trying occaſion I could ſay much, but will not—To deſcribe the glances of affection, and the looks of love, which gliſtened in every eye—which played in every feature, would be tedious: I ſhall therefore content myſelf with informing them, that in this difficult ſcene the ſimple heart of the curate failed him; his eyes confeſſed it, and he played the woman. The curate marched ſlowly back, at the head of his young flock, and our two travellers ſet forward to the market-town, with haſty ſtep and high expectations.

Having now began a journey, we muſt be expeditious. They arrived at the market-town, met the ſtage coach, and took their appropriate ſtations—JULIA in the inſide, and JOE, like her guardian angel, perched above her upon the top—They went ſmoothly on, till they arrived at the lane which is three miles on the weſt ſide of Uxbridge; when a very civil gentleman came to the window, and deſired them to give him all the money they had—The gentleman at the window was far from being unpolite, conſidering he had declared war againſt ſociety—He beſpoke them very gently, beginning at the right hand, and following them all, man by man, and woman by woman, till he went round to the left ſide—A boiſterous cornet of dragoons was unhappily the firſt, and he gave his purſe with a ſullen ſilence—JULIA was next, and held her little money in her hand, but durſt not look towards the window—A meagre cockney gave all, but begged a few ſhillings back, to carry him to St. Paul's—A little fat woman ſurrendered her purſe, with a threat; and a plain dreſſed man regretted he had not more for ſo accompliſhed a gentleman.

When they arrived at the inn, each expreſſed their ſorrows as their feelings prompted; but they were now to enter upon their laſt ſtage, and none had ſuch weighty cauſe to be aggreived as JULIA, who had not a friend before her—To go forward was madneſs, and to go backward was impoſſible—What was ſhe to do?—She called in JOE, and aſked if he had provided himſelf with any money, in caſe of an emergency.—"Yes, that

that he had—and there it was at her ſervice"—throwing down his entire ſtock upon the table, which in the whole amounted to the ſum of three ſhillings and ninepence—This made deſpair more black—It was her firſt misfortune; and ſhe thought it but an uncouth entrance into a baſe world.

The officer now entered the room, and ſeeing JOE there, began to upbraid him for ſuffering the highwayman to eſcape, when he was ſeated ſo advantageouſly at the top, with an oaken ſapling in his hand—"You ſtupid oaf! (ſaid this military hero) why did you not attack him?"—"'Caſe I had not a *ſwoard* by my ſide, like you (replied JOE, with the greateſt frankneſs)—he—he—he—! icod, every man to his trade, *meaſter*!" The argument was unanſwerable.

The officer now walked up to JULIA; whoſe embarraſſment he perceived; and, taking her aſide, told her he gueſſed the cauſe of her ſorrow; and that he was happy he had it in his power to remove it: For (continued he) I know the road too well to venture my all upon it, and leave myſelf unprovided with reſources. Here (ſaid he, untying his ſtock, and ſhaking out of it a ſlender green purſe) here is my *corps de reſerve*: I gave the robber a few ſhillings, and I ſecured this for your uſe." Now JULIA examined the face of this affair ſimply as it ſtood—It was a caſe of neceſſity; and ſhe thought it ridiculous for one who was many, many miles from Elmwood, and who had not two-pence in her pocket, to refuſe the loan of a few guineas, which would remove all her ſorrows. She might have an opportunity of hinting the matter to Lord C—— when ſhe ſaw him, who would no doubt advance the money upon the vicarage, and thus all would be right again—She therefore thanked him politely, and told him that when ſhe ſaw her noble friend Lord C——, ſhe hoped to be able to repay him. "Lord C——! (ſaid he)—what—you are are going to viſit him?" "Yes, Sir." "O—a relation, I preſume, Madam?" "No, Sir! only a friend: his Lordſhip and my father were great friends when they were young, and at ſchool."—"Aye, aye—your father, I preſume, Madam, lives in the country?"—"Yes, Sir; he's Curate of Elmwood, near ***** in Warwickſhire."—"Your viſit, Ma'am—is it a viſit of pleaſure or buſineſs?"—"Buſineſs, Sir: I am only come to town with a letter from my father to Lord C—— to ſolicit the living of *****."—"Oh, I underſtand you, Ma'am. Lord C—— is my particular acquaintance, and it will give me pleaſure to be your protector and your guide, till I deliver you ſafely and honorably to his Lordſhip. Would you chuſe to alight, Ma'am, at any particular place in London?" "No (ſaid the ſimple JULIA) I intend to ſtay at the inn all night, and to wait upon his Lordſhip in the morning"—"Ah! Madam (replied the Officer) you do not know the confuſion, the diſguſt, and danger you will meet with at the inn: I have a mother in town, who lives elegantly: Be prevailed upon to be lodged this night at her houſe: She will receive you with cheerfulneſs, and treat you with tenderneſs. May I periſh, Madam,—May I beg the honour to know your name, Madam?"—"JULIA."

"May I periſh, Miſs JULIA, but I am intereſted in your caſe, as ſincerely as if you were my own ſiſter!" This laſt propoſal was better and better. To meet ſo good a friend at once!—She was certain her father's prayers for her were heard; and ſhe thought ſhe could not be too thankful to Heaven, nor to the Gentleman. She accepted his offer; and they mounted the ſtage coach once more.

As the ſtage-coachman was at this place paid his full demand, there was nothing to be done but to roll into town, and go where they pleaſed. The fat woman lived in Holborn, and the coach ſtopt to ſet her down. "Here too, Madam, (ſaid the Officer to JULIA) we may get out, for we are near our home." The artful abruptneſs and hurry of the ſummons—the conſciouſneſs of finding herſelf ſuddenly in the midſt of the immenſe metropolis, where ſhe already ſaw ſtrange things, and expected to ſee ſtill ſtranger—her total ignorance of every thing around her—her hopes—her expectations—her ſimplicity—all contributed to throw her mind into confuſion, and her ſpirits into a flutter: She forgot every thing—ſhe forgot even JOE—and JOE, alas! forgot her; for he was exactly in the ſame predicament—He was aſtoniſhed; he was in a new world: his recollection forſook him, and a miſt wandered over his eyes: he ſat nailed to the top of the coach, with his mouth open, looking at every thing and ſeeing nothing. In this cloud JULIA eſcaped; and ſhe neither ſpoke nor looked around her, till her gallant commander led her into Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.—Now, when a young gentleman, with a young lady by his ſide, who is reſolved to follow him, finds himſelf in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, the road to Covent-Garden lies direct: 'tis only going up Queen-ſtreet, croſſing the *lane* and the *acre*, and there you are. He conducted her into a houſe in the Piazza; where the polite inhabitants received the young gentleman with all the freedom and civility of an old acquaintance, which convinced JULIA that he was *quite at home*.

Now, gentle reader, while JULIA and her friend are ſeated at a bottle of Madeira, recollect and confeſs, whether we have not journied well—From the banks of the Avon—from the manſion of innocence—from the warm boſom of a father—to place our rural virgin on the very throne of perdition. Now, ye guardian ſpirits, whether Sylphs, Genii, or Fairies—if ye have any regard for devoted purity—now open your golden eyes, now ply your ſilver pinions—for innocence is in danger. And now, thou wretched old man, thou ambitious Curate of Elmwood—rekindle your piety, and redouble your prayers—for your daughter, your JULIA, *is in a Bagnio*—and without a fear!

Every thing that paſſed around JULIA in this houſe appeared too plauſible for her eyes to be opened, or her ſuſpicion to be rouſed—for ſhe had never been in a Tavern before: and as to the inceſſant tinkling of bells, and the inceſſant running of waiters—why, bells and ſervants muſt be in all great families, and, no doubt, muſt be continually employed.—The deception, I ſay, was good, and every thing appeared extreme-

ly

ly well, except in one inſtance: it puzzled her to conceive why they ſhould be conducted into a *bed-chamber!* But perhaps (ſhe thought) it was the faſhion in London, and faſhion is irreſiſtible.

He philtered the beverage, and JULIA drank ſparingly, but not ſo her companion—he was to attempt the gaining of a difficult poſt, and the coward wanted ſpirits—It is a tribute paid to Virtue, that, though it be lodged in the poſſeſſion of but a frail and weak tenement, its ſpoiler before he attempts to ruin it, muſt call to his aſſiſtance the aids of inebriety. At length his eyes gliſtened, and his cheek glowed—he ſnatched the hand of JULIA—fed upon it with fury, and devoured it with a tumult of unholy love—if, indeed, he loved JULIA, it was with the ſenſations of a tiger.

She ſtarted from his embraces, and retreated ſome paces from her chair—He followed, and renewed the attack, and JULIA her reſiſtance: he grew ſtronger, he grew wilder; his hand was wandering over her charms (where hand never wandered before) and he became furious—JULIA became faint—ſhe was yielding—her tender frame was exhauſted, and ſhe could only ſhriek! A ſhriek was a new thing in theſe apartments, and it alarmed a gentleman in the adjoining room, who, with his coat off, a dirty boot on one leg, and his face beſmeared with ſweat, kicked open the door, and ruſhed violently into the room, with all the zeal of a man who was to aſſiſt the diſtreſſed—The Officer let go his hold of JULIA, and ſhe threw herſelf breathleſs upon a chair. The man in diſhabille ſtared at them both alternately, now at JULIA, and now at the Officer, and at length broke ſilence:

"What! force!—Why, thou damnable and ſilly animal, what dirty buſineſs is this you are engaged in?—*forcing* a woman to your wiſhes!—To *force* a woman in any place is a meanneſs that no man of honour will ſtoop to—but to force one *here!*—in *this* houſe! —D-mn you! you ſcoundrel! get out—walk off, or I'll kick you."

We need not be ſurpriſed that the Officer was mean enough to take his advice—He looked at the man in diſhabille as if he had recollected ſomething, and left the room precipitately.

"And now, my angel (ſaid the gentleman in the boot to JULIA, taking her by the hand) let us drink a glaſs or two, and I dare ſay ſay *we* ſhall agree better."—"Oh! Sir! (replied JULIA, claſping her hands and falling on her knees before him)—Have mercy on me! pity me!—or you will kill me." —"Pſhaw, my dear! I never kill *quite* upon theſe occaſions—you will but *die* at the moſt.—But, child, you look d-mn'd ſerious upon this buſineſs—Is any thing the matter with you?"—"Oh, Sir! (anſwered JULIA, in tears) I don't know where I am, and I don't know where to go—I am juſt come to town in the Warwick ſtage!"—"In the Warwick ſtage! —What, through Uxbridge?"—"Yes."—"And was that fellow one of the company?" "Yes."—"Whe--w! And you met a highwayman, didn't you?"—"Yes." —"That was me, by G--d!" Here JULIA ſhrieked, terrified at the ſound of the name; but he ſtopped her in good time; "You muſt

muſt not be afraid (ſaid he) for I won't hurt you--don't be ſurpriſed, it's d----d vulgar to be ſurpriſed at any thing---Tell me honeſtly, are you virtuous or not?---that is, are you a maid?"---"Oh! *upon* my honour, Sir."---"How came you here then, in company with that fellow?"---"When you took---I mean, Sir, when I loſt all my money---he advanced ſome for me; and as I had no friends in London, promiſed to take care of me, and bring me to his mother's, till to-morrow, when I could have finiſhed all my buſineſs."---"Then you are *really* honeſt?"---"As I love Heaven and my father, Sir, I am." "You are a lovely girl, and it is a pity ſo fine a woman *ſhould be* honeſt-------But I believe you, and will be your friend----nay I will guard you from harm---for, by G--d, I am a man of honour! and though misfortune and my evil ſpirit force me ſometimes to the highway, I ſcorn to do a mean thing.---In the firſt place, as you loſt your money, you ſhall divide this purſe with me.---In the next place, you are now in a houſe full of wh-res and ſcoundrels---I muſt leave it myſelf in a minute, in caſe that fellow ſhould have *twigg'd* me, and I fancy you had better leave it too.---Truſt yourſelf with me, and I will take care of you till morning."---JULIA told him he could not ſerve her more agreeably than by carrying her to the inn where the ſtage and JOE were. That, he ſaid, was more than he dare do---but he would carry her to a place equally or more ſecure. So ſaying, he returned to his room, to throw off part of his *road-dreſs*, and adjuſt the reſt.

If the reader has any imagination, he will conceive how JULIA's thoughts were employed in this interval, till they were interrupted by the re-entrance of the young highwayman, who appeared now to be an elegant handſome fellow. He paid the reckoning, and they departed: It was between nine and ten in the evening.

[*To be continued.*]

For the Columbian Phenix.

THE GENTLEMAN AT LARGE. No. II.

The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law.

Shakeſpeare's Romeo & Juliet.

THERE are, comparatively, very few, who are not more anxious for the clamorous and indiſcriminate applauſe of the vulgar, than for the more ſilent and judicious approbation of the diſcerning. To enjoy the one, nothing is requiſite but an unmeaning and ridiculous love of notoriety; to enjoy the other, we muſt have that ſteady veneration for merit, which riſes ſuperior to thoſe eaſy prejudices which are excited by the ſound of titles, and the glitter of wealth. In the firſt caſe, we are governed by a fooliſh vanity; a vanity, which the mad acclamations of a mob will gratify, and the noiſy admiration of the ignorant will flatter; but in the laſt inſtance, our anxiety is the reſult of a virtuous ambition, and is the concomitant of a noble and elevated mind. We are not ſatisfied with

with a mere name, abſtracted from the merit out of which that name has ariſen; and we look upon the good opinion of the world rather as an accidental circumſtance, than as a neceſſary conſequence of our worth.

The conditions of this life are ſo continually fluctuating, that, unleſs we put ourſelves under the control of ſome well-tried and uniform principles, our happineſs will be extremely uncertain, and we ſhall be in conſtant danger of loſing it. If we allow our minds to be carried away with falſe ideas of greatneſs, and ſuffer their peace to depend on the approbation of the world, the ſingle viciſſitude of a day may be fatal to us, and the ill fortune of an hour may place us beyond the reach of hope. Theſe remarks cannot but ſtrike every one as juſt, who has ever conſidered the ſubject with any degree of attention. The objects which engage the obſervation of mankind, are not ſuch as are worthy of intereſting the heart or the underſtanding. They are merely adventitious, and claim not the remoteſt alliance with natural or moral excellence. Riches and power, not virtue and magnanimity, dazzle the imaginations of the multitude, call forth their reſpect, and extort from them the moſt ſlaviſh obedience. The moment we loſe the one, or are diveſted of the other, our reputations generally depart with them, as inſeparably incident thereto.

If this be the caſe, how neceſſary is it, that we ſhould ſubmit the trial of our merit to a tribunal leſs fallible, and which, from being leſs ſuſceptible of prejudice, will be more apt to decide with juſtice. This tribunal ſhould be the mind, which is moſt commonly intelligent enough for ſuch an office, and which, if it is not ſhamefully abuſed or neglected, is competent to the deciſion of right and wrong. This tribunal, like all others, muſt have certain fixed and eſtabliſhed laws, by which it may be enabled to direct its judgment, and come to a deciſion. The firſt law, by which it ſhould regulate itſelf, is that of REASON; which may with propriety be termed the ſupreme law of the mind, it carries along with it a kind of legiſlative anthority, an omnipotency, which controls every other regulation, and with which the minor laws of the mind muſt be conſiſtent. The ſecond law to be conſidered, I cannot call by a more appropriate name, than that of SENTIMENT. This is a ſort of compound attribute, and is conſtituted of reaſon, paſſion, and fancy. Theſe three qualities, when blended, form a moſt happy and benevolent object in the mind, and is entitled to a high authority therein. It fortunately partakes of three diſpoſitions, which, if left to themſelves, might lead us into ſome criminal extreme, but, when mutually corrected and aided by each other, are productive of a virtue, no leſs diſtinguiſhed for its ſweetneſs than its temperament.

By the aſſiſtance of theſe two laws, the mind may be enabled, generally, to aſcertain the merit or demerit of an action. Under their right regulation, it may be rendered a ſafe and valuable tribunal, to which we may confidently reſort, in caſes where the world would give a blind and iniquitous deciſion. Perhaps this idea is worthy of an illuſtration. I will endeavour to give one. It is recorded

corded of Savage, the poet, that he was once ſo ſtrongly actuated by benevolence, that he divided his laſt guinea with an object whom he thought ſtood in greater need of it than himſelf. But this was not all. The perſon to whom he was thus charitable, had been his greateſt poſſible enemy. She had perſecuted him in his misfortunes, and was a perjured witneſs againſt him, when on trial for a capital offence. Let us ſee, reſpecting this action, the variance between the judgment of the world, and that of the mind, under the controul of thoſe laws which I have juſt explained. The former, after making a ſagacious calculation of the value of a guinea, and the many profitable purpoſes to which it may be appropriated; after a moſt elaborate inveſtigation of the woman's crime, and the poor claim which ſhe had to the compaſſion of him whom ſhe had injured; after conſidering the poverty of the donor, and how little he could afford to relieve the diſtreſſes even of the moſt worthy object; would gravely pronounce the following ſentence: "You, Richard Savage, having arrived at years of legal diſcretion, ought to know better than to part with the means of your own relief, for the relief of others. For this, we adjudge you THOUGHTLESS and IMPRUDENT. In the ſecond place, you did wrong in giving charity to one, who had been your enemy. For this, we adjudge you WEAK and SPIRITLESS. But, moſt of all, you did wrong in aiding the neceſſities of a wretch, who had forfeited all claim to pity, by committing an atrocious crime. And for this we adjudge you FOOLISH and CONTEMPTIBLE."

We will haſten from this court of--I had almoſt ſaid--juſtice, and appeal from its deciſion, to a tribunal of more liberal inquiry, where the rigour of ſevere juſtice is ſweetly tempered with mercy. The court, of which we are now ſpeaking, is not ſo arbitrary as the former. It conſiders itſelf obliged to conform its judgments to the laws which it has adopted for its own regulation, viz. REASON and SENTIMENT. We will now ſuppoſe Savage at the bar, the advocates on both ſides to have finiſhed their pleadings, and the court delivering their judgment. "You, Richard Savage, of the age of legal diſcretion, this court of appeal do honourably acquit of any THOUGHTLESSNESS, WEAKNESS, SPIRITLESSNESS, FOOLISHNESS, and CONTEMPTIBILITY, which the court from which you have appealed, adjudge you guilty of. And, having thoroughly conſidered the ACTION for which you are now on trial; and having, to the beſt of our ability, applied to it thoſe laws, by which we profeſs to be directed; do, in our wiſdom, adjudge, 1ſt. That "the parting with the means of your own relief, for the relief of an object," more neceſſitous than yourſelf, was an "IMPRUDENT," but not a "THOUGHTLESS," action. And, for this, we pronounce you CHARITABLE. 2d. That the giving charity to one who had been your enemy," was not a "WEAK," nor a "SPIRITLESS," but a NOBLE, action. And, for this, we pronounce you MAGNANIMOUS. 3d. That "aiding the neceſſities of a wretch who had committed an atrocious crime," was not a "FOOLISH," nor a "COMTEMPTIBLE," but a CHRISTIAN-LIKE,

TIAN-LIKE, action. And, for this, we pronounce you GOD-LIKE!

My readers will readily perceive how much better chance a clever fellow has of being acquitted in the court of conſcience, than in the court from which it receives appeals. The reaſon of all which is, that the former is guided by pure and generous principles, and that the latter is controlled by the meaneſt and moſt ignominious precepts that ever were adhered to. In one tribunal a SHYLOCK preſides, with his ſcales balanced, and his knife ſharp for execution. 'Tis here that the *penalty* is demanded-----the *bond* will not ſatisfy. In the other a PORTIA fills the chair, who enforces the virtue of humanity, in a ſtyle of eloquence that is truly impreſſive. In the former, honour, virtue, and truth are regarded----in the latter, avarice and knavery are patronized. A villain, therefore, will always prefer a trial by the latter, where his ſelfiſhneſs will find a ſanctuary, and his hardineſs applauſe. He, who would wiſh to be ſubſtantially happy, muſt act with a reference to the former. He, who would deſire to be an accompliſhed *ſharper*, muſt look up with veneration to the latter. In the one caſe, our conduct will be the reſult of principles well eſtabliſhed, and of reaſon, poliſhed and refined by the ſoftneſs of paſſion, and the livelineſs of fancy. We need not go abroad for amuſement or advice. Our minds will afford a rich ſupply of both. The exerciſe of our reaſon will inſtruct us, the indulgence of our paſſions will mould us to a becoming tenderneſs, and the frolicks of our fancy will give us delight. He, who could be unhappy with theſe reſources, is a miracle; but, without them, we are the ſport of every viciſſitude, and are mere tenants at the will of fortune.

JUNIUS:—CONCLUDED.

"WHEN the Editor in queſtion declares, that 'he defies the writer in The True Briton, or *any other man*, to ſhew him any other letters of Mr. Boyd in The Public Advertiſer, in the ſame years of thoſe of Junius, except one to Sir Fletcher Norton, which will not be found inferior in ſtrength and elegance of diction to the moſt finiſhed production of Junius's pen,' I would humbly hint to him, that he hurls too bold a defiance, and riſques more than he imagines. There is one man living, who could not only directly meet his challenge, but with certainty of ſucceſs---I mean my own brother, who had ſeveral letters from Mr. Boyd, which were inſerted in The Public Advertiſer, the mere peruſal of which would ſhew that Mr. Boyd's compoſition, though tolerably adapted to winter wear, like a frieze home-ſpun great-coat, is not to be compared to the ſuperfine broadcloth of Junius, manufactured from the beſt Spaniſh wool, and equally ornamental and ſerviceable in all ſeaſons.

"I do not mean to inſinuate, becauſe I do not believe, that the

the Gentleman who edited Mr. Boyd's Works deſigned to practiſe any deluſion on the public. It was natural for him to wiſh to exalt the character, and do honour to the memory of his deceaſed friend, Mr. Boyd. I wonder not, therefore, at his lending a willing ear to the aſſertion of Mr. Almon, an aſſertion founded in ignorance, and broached in preſumption; but I cannot but ſmile when I find an old fox trapped ſo eaſily, and obſerve a reſpectable, well-informed, and experienced writer, like Mr. Chalmers, become a dupe to the deluſion, and take pains to ſpread the fallacy. When a ſenſible man has once ſuffered his underſtanding to be taken by ſurpriſe, he is anxious to make converts to keep him in countenance.—This was preciſely the caſe with thoſe who gave credit to the authenticity of Vortigern, and the pretended Shakeſpeare papers. They were remarkably zealous to increaſe the numbers of what, like the Mahometans, they choſe to term themſelves, the True Believers.

"I know the whole of the aſſertion, 'that Mr. Boyd was the writer of the letters ſigned Junius,' to be founded in miſapprehenſion; and, if Mr. Almon were to multiply letters in ſupport of his aſſertion till they ſwell to volumes, I ſhould feel the moſt perfect conviction, not only that Mr. Boyd was not the writer of the letters under the ſignature of Junius, but, I am ſorry the Editor of that Gentleman's Works obliges me to add, I am ſatisfied Mr. Boyd was not capable of compoſing ſuch letters. I deſire not, however, to have my opinion relied on as authority; let the critical reader compare the ſtyle, language, and ſentiments of The Indian Obſerver with thoſe of the Letters of Junius, and judge for himſelf.

"It may, perhaps, be aſked, 'What has Mr. W. Woodfall to do with this argument? Nobody appeals to him; he was not the printer of Junius's Letters.' I have an anſwer ready for impertinence.---The cauſe of truth is every man's cauſe, and I would willingly go out of my way to ſerve it. In the preſent inſtance, I do not go out of my way. No man living knows more of the conduct of Junius in the management of his correſpondence, and all its relations, than I do, my brother alone excepted. He is, at preſent, at a conſiderable diſtance from London, and even were he nearer, I know him too well to imagine that he would condeſcend to put pen to paper on a ſubject ſo abſolutely a matter of mere curioſity. It is altogether novel in practice to interrogate newſpaper printers as to their correſpondents; and the miſconceptions of the Editor of Mr. Boyd's Works clearly ſhews, to what groſs abuſe the mere ſubmitting to be queſtioned on ſuch ſubjects, leads.

"I am, Mr. Editor,

"Your humble ſervant,

"*WILLIAM WOODFALL.*

"*Queen ſtreet, Weſtminſter,*

"*Aug.* 9, 1799."

"P. S. I obſerved a letter in The True Briton of Thurſday laſt, on the ſubject of Junius's Letters, ſigned *An Old Obſerver*, the writer of which ſays, 'Mr. Woodfall, the printer of The Public Advertiſer, in which the letters were originally inſerted, was not intruſted with the name of the Author,

Author, *though he was certainly ſecured from the pecuniary penalties, and indemnified from any other inconvenience which might be riſqued as the publiſher of them.*' This aſſertion I have more than once heard, and always contradicted. To my knowledge the printer of The Public Advertiſer never aſked for any indemnity, nor was any offered him. He was left to the free exerciſe of his own diſcretion, and had he acted on any other principle, though my own brother, I ſhould be among the firſt to declare that he had acted moſt unwarrantably; becauſe it has ever been my opinion, that a printer who condeſcended to receive an indemnity, betrayed a conſciouſneſs that he was about to do wrong, and took a bribe to quiet his ſcruples. If, after this explanation, any future writer ſhould hazard a ſimilar aſſertion with that above ſtated, I ſhall content myſelf with anſwering him in the words of Father Valerian, as cited by the late Biſhop Warburton, in the advertiſement prefixed to his edition of Pope's Works, "MENTIRIS IMPUDENTISSIME."

SOLILOQUY ON THE DEATH OF WASHINGTON.

To the EDITOR *of the* COLUMBIAN PHENIX.

SIR,

AMONG the very intereſting and much admired Eulogies and Orations on the late GENERAL *GEORGE WASHINGTON*, written and pronounced by men of diſtinguiſhed abilities and merit, I have diſcovered nothing of the kind from the female part of our mourning country, on this lamentable event: I have therefore taken the liberty to forward one of the latter deſcription, which I conſider a performance poſſeſſing conſiderable merit: ſhould you be of the ſame opinion, by inſerting it you will oblige,

Sir, your friend and humble ſervant, G. S.

April 12th, 1800.

"Our life contains a thouſand ſprings,
And dies if one be gone!
Strange that a harp of thouſand ſtrings
Should keep in tune ſo long."

A GREAT Man is fallen---the brilliant Weſtern Star that illumined our hemiſphere, is forever ſet. The immortal Hero has dropped his mantle of mortality, and the name and virtues are all that remain of the brave, the wiſe, the juſt, the humane, the benevolent WASHINGTON;---a man juſtly idolized as the phenix of Columbia; whoſe exalted virtues, if virtue could inſure immortality, would have bid defiance to the grim meſſenger, and preſerved him forever from the ſhock of diſſolving nature; but, in the zenith of his glory, while his benign influence, in its meridian ſplendour, was viſible both in the cabinet and the field, and extended its rays far beyond the narrow confines of the American States, he received a divine mandate to quit his earthly poſt, and guard one far more ſuit-

able to his dignity in the armies above---where angels and ſeraphs, with their golden harps, ſalute him: departed ſaints and heroes congratulate his arrival---celeſtial ſpirits bid him welcome---and the Supreme Architect of the univerſe, who with the "eye of Providence" encompaſſes the hearts of all at one view, hails him with the heavenly benediction of, "Well done, good and faithful," the paſsword to that glorious temple, whoſe fabrick he inſtructed his fraternal brethren in imitating, by his excellent example, while on earth---and aſcended upon the ſteps of *Juſtice*, *Love* and *Mercy*---clothed with the jewels of *Wiſdom*, *Strength* and *Beauty*, and conducted by Faith, Hope and Charity, to the royal Arch of Safety---tiled by Religion and Piety; at whoſe entrance, an Eaſtern Monarch, a Tyrian Prince and a Martyr Brother, offer him the cordial hand of Friendſhip, with the badge of their order, not confined to their figurative number, in the Grand Lodge aſſembled in the realms of bliſs; whoſe hall is perfect Harmony, its walls bounded by Philanthropy, cemented with Peace, Unity and Concord, and its tapeſtry woven by meek-eyed Charity.

Here a *Cincinnatus*, a *Marcus* and a *Scipio*, whoſe bravery in war, wiſdom in counſel, and induſtry in their fields, has immortalized their fame in the annals of Rome; will give place to a *WASHINGTON!* And the Carthaginian General *(Hannibal)* will no longer be celebrated as the greateſt that "the world could ever boaſt." With Auguſtus the name of Waſhington will be united as the "Father of his country;" and if his valuable life had been prolonged to his age (76) he might have left America, if not "all the world, at peace,"---but the world we truſt was at peace with him; nor can Columbia's ſons ſay as the Romans did of that Emperor, that "it had been well he had never been born, or had never died," ſince the exiſtence of this great Perſonage, has proved (under Heaven,) the ſalvation of Liberty, and that diſſolution is the only paſſage to eternal reſt: and in his death we experience this conſolation, that he felt not like *Alexander* its terrors, but with the firmneſs and compoſure of a SOCRATES, his laſt prayers we truſt were for his country, and cloſed with the petition of that philoſopher, that his departure from earth might be eaſy, and his journey happy; and the reſponſe we expect will echo from every corner of the globe where the name of WASHINGTON reſounds!

"The ways of Heaven are dark and intricate, though juſt;" and "ſhall preſumptuous man dare to arraign them?" attempt to trace the mazy windings in the labyrinth of divinity, wiſh to revert the order of Providence, or unlink the great chain of events? Could the immortal WASHINGTON have continued upon earth until he had obtained a paſſport from his grateful country, his evening ſun would have declined in the weſtern horizon, until age or debility (the lot of humanity) forced him to exclaim, "O that I had wings like a dove, then would I fly away and be at reſt." But that Being whoſe ways are unſearchable, who ſuffers not a "ſparrow to fall" without his knowledge,

knowledge, plans in infinite wiſdom; and the guardian angel of this "favoured of Heaven," was commiſſioned to pronounce, that "time ſhould be no longer,"---- that "his days were numbered and finiſhed;" and in the full enjoyment of *apparent* health, ſtrength and uſefulneſs, he received a gentle ſummons to the manſions of repoſe; and ere Phœbus had twice withdrawn the curtain of night from his ſick couch, the lamp of life was extinguiſhed, and WASHINGTON (like the prophet of old) had aſcended in a chariot of glory to his native ſkies; and his mantle of virtues (we fondly hope) dropped upon the Columbian ſhores, to extend its borders throughout the riſing States of America, diſperſe cowardice and treachery from the field, prevent diſunion in the cabinet, and diſcord, duplicity and fraud, among the various claſſes of citizens.

Dear Sir, accept the momentary effuſions of the pen of your friend upon the mournful tidings, that the Man who reigned in the hearts of the people was no more! the affecting intelligence was announced in a pathetic letter from one of your honourable colleagues, and proclaimed through the village by an unuſual ſound of ſolemn bells. Every countenance portrayed a mind deeply impreſſed with unaffected ſorrow, upon this melancholy cataſtrophe, and ſilence was more expreſſive of accumulated diſtreſs, than the eloquence of a Cicero. And when grief was meliorated by reflection, with united voices the citizens exclaimed, What tokens of reſpect ſhall be paid to the memory of "the Man whom the people delighted to honour?" Alas! can ſculptured marble, or impreſſed metal ſtamp an image equally durable with the ſtatue erected in the breaſts of millions of freeborn patriots? No. And WASHINGTON not only lives enthroned in glory, but in the hearts of a grateful and independent people, who will tranſmit his name to future ages, entwined with a laurel wreath that ſhall retain its verdure when the ſcythe and glaſs of time melt with the fervent heat that diſſolves this terreſtrial globe: the canopy of heaven expands its hidden myſteries unvailed, and a boundleſs eternity diſcloſes.

My laſt, if you obſerved the date, Sir, was addreſſed upon the eve, and penned perhaps at the moment, that the laſt particle of ſand forſook the glaſs of our great and illuſtrious Chief, while guardian angels wafted his ærial ſpirit to the bliſsful ſhades. The ſubject of diſſolution, which I wiſh not, without a recent occaſion, to introduce into the ſocial parlour of a friend, twice intruded: I apologized, dropped my pen, and retired to reſt. Morpheus waved his wand, and I was in a moment encircled with a ſurrounding multitude. I inquired the reaſon of their aſſembling; was anſwered, a funeral, and I muſt follow as a mourner. Although not naturally ſuperſtitious, I am almoſt confirmed in opinion, that we are ſometimes viſited by ſupernatural or inviſible agents, and their dictates I obey, and with the tender feelings of ſenſibility ſympathize with the bereaved Conſort of our greatly beloved and ſincerely lamented WASHINGTON. To his amiable companion, the ſharer of his domeſtic happineſs, his loſs cannot be

be repaired, or the wound cloſed, and her only conſolation reſts in the boſom of her God. May we all ſeek it there, and, with the deepeſt ſenſe of affliction, accompany this diſtreſſed Lady (in heart) with the mourning relatives, to the ſilent tomb,—and when the fraternal brethren have depoſited the emblematic role, with the never-fading caſſia, let us bedew the ſprig with the tear of reſpect and veneration, join in the reſponſal "ſo mote," and leave it to be tranſplanted to the garden of the heavenly paradiſe, where it will flouriſh in immortal bloom; and may we often viſit this ſacred urn, with the recollection that it contains the remains of an ineſtimable jewel, lent us by a Benefactor and Friend, who had a right to demand it when he pleaſed,—and unite in offering up the ſacrifice of grateful hearts for the loan, and adore the goodneſs and condeſcenſion of a beneficent Being, who in the midſt of judgment remembered mercy;—and when internal foes ſought from envy and avarice to crop the flower of American glory while the bud was expanding, enlightened a ſtar from the Weſt on the altar of liberty, to guide our armies to the field of battle,—illumine our councils, and diſpel the darkneſs that enveloped the land in the day of calamity and diſtreſs! And what adoration is due to the Supreme Governor of the Univerſe for his incomprehenſible goodneſs in continuing this great Light, while numbers of leſſer magnitude were extinguiſhed before the revolving ſun had ſcarce marked their annual progreſs, by ſhielding him in the hour of danger, and preſerving him through the various caſualties that attended a cruel, diſtreſſing and unnatural war; and finally in making him the happy inſtrument of eſtabliſhing a peace upon a foundation that remains as firm we truſt as the pillar of the Patriarch, and will diſplay a laſting monument of his magnanimity to future ages; and, like the gourd of the grief-worn preacher, prove a ſhade from our enemies abroad, and preſerve a unity at home, which the canker-worm of diſſenſion cannot undermine or deſtroy: and although "affliction cometh not forth of the duſt, nor troubles ſpring from the ground," let us not repine at the diſpenſations of Providence, leſt, like the Jewiſh murmurers, we offend the Deity. And although it is the duty of every claſs of citizens throughout the United States, male and female, old and young, bond and free, to be truly ſenſible of their inexpreſſible loſs, and to embalm the memory of the Saviour of their country with every mark of grateful reſpect; it is likewiſe our unbounded duty, to render thanks to the Father of mercies, that his life was ſo long, and ſo providentially preſerved. If he had met with the untimely fate of thoſe brave heroes that fell at the early period of the war, his parting breath would have exclaimed, "*O my Country!*" and if the prayers of the people, like the prophets of Iſrael, could have lengthened his days, the inſects might have "become a burden," or his virtues lain dormant—— "Whatever is is right;"

> "*God ſends not ill, if rightly underſtood,*
> *Or partial ill is univerſal good.*"

While we take a retroſpect of the paſt, let us anticipate our future proſpects. When a Phenix is conſumed,

conſumed, its aſhes reanimates: the ſpirit of America's Elijah reſts upon its Eliſhas; the wiſdom of WASHINGTON ſhines with a brilliant luſtre upon an ADAMS! his patriotiſm is viſible in a Congreſs that would have graced a triumvirate of Rome in the height of its magnificence and ſplendor. His heroiſm, with his martial honours, devolve upon a HAMILTON; and his public ſpirit and private virtues, are bequeathed to the citizens at large. Ineſtimable bequeſt! happy America! long may they enjoy, wiſely improve, and gratefully acknowledge them.

If WASHINGTON could look down from heaven's high throne, what an addition would it be to his happineſs (if his happineſs could increaſe) to behold that peace and harmony reign, which he endeavoured to eſtabliſh while a reſident upon earth!—with approbation would he view his veteran army the ſcourge of internal enemies, and dread of foreign foes; with pleaſure would he obſerve the diſcretion of our rulers in protecting the lives and property of a people, that purchaſed them at the riſk of their lives, whoſe inheritance was ſealed with the blood of fathers, friends and brothers, and a ſmile of complacency would be caſt upon the laurel wreath entwined by the patriotic daughters of his native country, for the brow of his worthy ſucceſſor.

Venerable SHADE! may thy Roman ſpirit and Spartan virtue ever flouriſh in the Columbian ſoil: the tree of liberty planted by thy hand, extend its branches throughout the globe; the incenſe offered upon the altar that thou haſt raiſed, aſcend in columns to thy bleſſed abode; and thy name and patriotiſm, blown by Fame to diſtant climes, be tranſmitted through hiſtoric pages to a poſterity that ſhall remain in non-exiſtence, until thoſe nations that delight in carnage, leave not a trace behind.

Worceſter, Dec. 26, 1799.

YELLOW FEVER.

THE following Extract from a Voyage to the South Seas, lately publiſhed by Captain Colnett, of the Royal Navy, is highly deſerving of the attention of all commanders of ſhips and others who go into hot climates, as it exhibits a ſucceſsful mode of treating the Yellow Fever, a diſorder, which, alas! has ſo often baffled the ſkill of medical practitioners (page 80):—

"The whole crew had been more or leſs affected by the Yellow Fever, from which horrid diſorder I was however ſo fortunate as to recover them, by adopting the method that I ſaw practiſed by the Natives of Spaniſh America, when I was a priſoner among them. On the firſt ſymptoms appearing, the fore part of the head was immediately ſhaved, and the temples and poll waſhed with vinegar and water. The whole body was then immerſed in warm water, to give a free courſe to perſpiration: ſome opening medicine was afterwards adminiſtered, and every four hours, a doſe of *ten grains* of

of *James's Powders*. If the patient was thirſty, the drink was weak white wine and water, and a ſlice of bread to ſatisfy an inclination to eat. An increaſing appetite was gratified by a ſmall quantity of ſoup, made from the mucilaginous part of the turtle, with a little vinegar in it. I alſo gave the ſick ſweetmeats and other articles from my private ſtock, whenever they expreſſed a diſtant wiſh for any, which I could ſupply them with. By this mode of treatment, the whole crew improved in their health, except the carpenter, who, though a very ſtout, robuſt man, was at one time in ſuch a ſtate of delirium, and ſo much reduced, that I gave him over; but he at length recovered."

A more judicious treatment of this diſorder could not have been deviſed. The ſame good ſenſe, indeed, which directed the medical concerns (for there was no ſurgeon on board) ſeems to have prevailed upon every occaſion of difficulty or danger, which required nautical ſkill; but of this we are the leſs ſurpriſed, when we find that Captain Colnett had ſerved under that celebrated navigator, Captain Cook; to whoſe work this publication will no doubt be conſidered as a valuable ſupplement.

THE EFFECTS OF ENVY AND JEALOUSY EXEMPLIFIED: A HISTORY.

[Written by the late Mr. Cumberland, and extracted from a late European Publication.]

WE have heard ſo much of the tragical effects of jealouſy, that I was not a little pleaſed with an account lately given me of a gentleman, who has been happily cured of his jealouſy without any of thoſe melancholy circumſtances, which too frequently reſult from that fatal paſſion, even when it is groundleſs: As this gentleman's jealouſy was of that deſcription, I am the rather tempted to relate the ſtory (under proper caution as to name and perſons) becauſe there is a moral juſtice in its cataſtrophe, which is pleaſing even in fiction, but more particularly ſo when we meet it in the real occurrences of life.

Sir Paul Teſty in his forty-eighth year married the beautiful Louiſa in her eighteenth; there are ſome parents, who ſeem to think a good ſettlement can atone for any diſparity of age; and Louiſa's were of this ſort. Sir Paul had a maiden ſiſter ſeveral years younger than himſelf, who had kept his houſe for ſome time before his marriage with Louiſa, and as this lady was in fact an admirable economiſt, and alſo in poſſeſſion of a very conſiderable independent fortune, the prudent Baronet took his meaſures for her continuance in his family, where, under pretence of aſſiſting the inexperience of his young bride, ſhe ſtill maintained her government in as abſolute authority as ever: As Miſs Rachel would have been better pleaſed with her brother, had he choſen a wife with leſs beauty and more fortune than Louiſa brought into the family, it may well be doubted if ſhe would have remained

remained with him after his marriage, had ſhe not been pretty far advanced in an affair of the heart with a certain young gentleman, whoſe attentions, though in fact directed to her purſe, ſhe was willing to believe had been honourably addreſſed to her perſon: This young gentleman, whom I ſhall call Lionel, was undoubtedly an object well deſerving the regards of any lady in Miſs Rachel's predicament; with a fine perſon and engaging addreſs he had the recommendation of high birth, being a younger ſon of the Lord Mortimer, a venerable old Peer, who reſided at his family manſion within a few miles of Sir Paul, and lived upon the moſt friendly terms with him in a frequent intercourſe of viſits: Lionel had given his worthy father great uneaſineſs from his early diſſipation and extravagance; conſiderable ſums had been paid for him to clear his debts, but the old Lord's eſtate being a moderate one and entailed upon his eldeſt ſon, Lionel had been obliged to ſell out of the army, and was now living at home upon the bounty of his father on a reduced and ſlender allowance.

It is not to be wondered at that Lionel, who felt his own embarraſſments too ſenſibly to neglect any fair means of getting rid of them, ſhould be willing to repair his ſhattered fortunes by an advantageous match; and though Miſs Rachel was not exactly the lady he would have choſen, yet he very juſtly conſidered that his circumſtances did not entitle him to chooſe for himſelf; he was alſo ſtrongly urged to the meaſure by his father, to whoſe wiſhes he held himſelf bound to conform, not only on the ſcore of duty, but of atonement likewiſe. At this time the affair was in ſo promiſing a train, that there is little doubt but it would have been brought to a concluſion between the parties, had not Sir Paul's marriage taken place as it did; but as Miſs Rachel, for reaſons which are ſufficiently explained, determined upon remaining with her brother, the intercourſe between the lovers was renewed, as ſoon as Sir Paul had brought home his bride, and was ſufficiently ſettled to receive the viſits of his friends and neighbours on the occaſion.

Now it was that the unhappy Rachel became a victim to the moſt tormenting of all human paſſions: Her ſiſter-in-law had a thouſand charms, and ſhe ſoon diſcovered, or fancied ſhe diſcovered, that Lionel's attentions were directed to a fairer object than herſelf. She had now the ſtrongeſt of all motives for keeping a watchful eye upon Louiſa's behaviour, and it is the property of jealouſy to magnify and diſcolour every thing it looks upon; for ſome time, however, ſhe kept herſelf under prudent reſtraint; a hint now and then, cautiouſly introduced in the way of advice, was all ſhe ventured upon; but theſe hints were ſo little attended to by Louiſa, whoſe innocent gaiety lent no ear to ſuch remonſtrances, that they were occaſionally repeated in a graver tone; as theſe grew more and more peeviſh, Louiſa began to take a little miſchievous pleaſure in teazing, and was piqued into a behaviour, which probably ſhe would never have indulged herſelf in toward Lionel, had not Rachel's jealouſy provoked her to it; ſtill it was innocent, but ſo far

far imprudent, as it gave a handle to Rachel's malice, who now began to ſow the ſeeds of diſcontent in her brother's irritable boſom.

In one of thoſe jarring dialogues, which now frequently paſſed between the ſiſters, Rachel, after deſcanting upon the old topic with ſome degree of aſperity, concluded her lecture with many profeſſions of zeal for Louiſa's happineſs, and obſerved to her as an apology for the freedom of her advice, that ſhe had a right to ſome little experience of the world more than had yet fallen to the other's lot: To which Louiſa replied with ſome tartneſs—"True! for you have lived more years in it than I have." "A few, perhaps," anſwered Rachel. "As few, or as many as you chooſe to acknowledge," added Louiſa: "It is one amongſt a variety of advantages over me, which you are too generous to boaſt of, and I too humble to repine at." "Be that as it may," ſaid the eldeſt damſel, "you will give me leave to obſerve that I have a double call upon you for diſcretion; you are a married woman."

"Perhaps that very circumſtance may be a proof of my indiſcretion."

"How ſo, Madam! I may venture to ſay my brother Sir Paul was no unreaſonable match for your Ladyſhip; at leaſt, I can witneſs ſome pains were employed on your part to obtain him."

"Well, my dear ſiſter," replied Louiſa with an affected *nonchalance*, "after ſo much pains is it not natural I ſhould wiſh to repoſe myſelf a little?" "Indiſcretion admits of no repoſe; health, honour, happineſs are ſacrificed by its effects; it ſaps the reputation of a wife; it ſhakes the affections of a huſband."

"Be content!" cried Louiſa; "if you will give no cauſe for diſturbing the affections of the huſband, I will take care none ſhall be given for attainting the reputation of the wife."

At this moment Sir Paul entered the room, and perceiving by the countenances of the ladies, that they were not perfectly in good humour with each other, eagerly demanded of Louiſa why ſhe looked grave.

"I would look grave, if I could," ſhe replied, "out of compliment to my company; but I have ſo light a conſcience and ſo gay a heart, that I cannot look gravity in the face without laughing at it."

This was delivered with ſo pointed a glance at Rachel, that it was not poſſible to miſtake the application, and ſhe had no ſooner left the room, than an explanation took place between the brother and ſiſter, in the courſe of which Rachel artfully contrived to infuſe ſuch a copious portion of her own poiſonous jealouſy into the boſom of Sir Paul, that upon the arrival of Lord Mortimer, which was at this criſis announced to him, he took a ſudden determination to give him to underſtand how neceſſary it was become to his domeſtic happineſs, that Lionel ſhould be induced to diſcontinue his viſits in his family.

Under theſe impreſſions, and in a very awkward ſtate of mind, Sir Paul repaired to his library, where Lord Mortimer was expecting him in a ſituation of no leſs embarraſſment, having conned over a ſpeech for the purpoſe of introducing

ing a propoſal for an alliance between the families, and with a view to ſound how Sir Paul might ſtand affected towards a match between his ſon Lionel and Miſs Rachel.

As ſoon as the firſt ceremonies were over, which were not very ſpeedily diſmiſſed, as both parties were ſtrict obſervers of the old rules of breeding, his Lordſhip began after his manner, to wind about by way of reconnoitring his ground, and having compoſed his features with much gravity and deliberation, began to open his honourable trenches as follows:

"In very truth, Sir Paul, I proteſt to you there are few things in life can give me more pleaſure than to find my ſon Lionel ſo aſſiduous in his viſits to this family." The Baronet, whoſe mind at this moment was not capable of adverting to any other idea but what had reference to his own jealouſy, ſtared with amazement at this unexpected addreſs, and was ſtaggered how to reply to it; at laſt, with much heſitation and in a tone of ill-counterfeited raillery, he replied, that he truly believed there was one perſon in his family, to whom Mr. Lionel's viſits were particularly acceptable; and as this was a ſubject very near his heart, nay, that alone upon which the honour and happineſs of him and his family depended, he aſſured his Lordſhip that it was with avidity he embraced the opportunity of coming to an explanation, which he hoped would be as confidential on his Lordſhip's part, as it ſhould be on his own. There was ſomething in the manner of Sir Paul's delivery, as well as in the matter of the ſpeech itſelf, which alarmed the hereditary pride of the old Peer, who drawing himſelf up with great dignity, obſerved to Sir Paul, that for his ſon Lionel he had this to ſay, that want of honour was never among his failings; nay, it was never to be charged with impunity againſt any of his family, and that to prevent any imputation of this ſort from being grounded upon his ſon's aſſiduities to a certain lady, he had now ſought this interview and explanation with his good friend and neighbour.

This was ſo kind a lift to Sir Paul's conception towards his favourite point, that he immediately exclaimed, "I ſee your Lordſhip is not unappriſed of what is too conſpicuous to be overlooked by any body, who is familiar in this houſe; but as I know your Lordſhip is a man of the niceſt honour in your own perſon, I ſhould hold myſelf eſſentially bound to you, if you would prevail upon your ſon to adopt the like principles towards a certain lady under this roof, and caution him to deſiſt from thoſe aſſiduities, which you yourſelf have noticed, and which, to confeſs the truth to you, I cannot be a witneſs to without very great uneaſineſs and diſcontent."

Upon theſe words the Peer ſtarted from his ſeat as nimbly as age would permit him, and with great firmneſs replied, "Sir Paul Teſty, if this be your wiſh and deſire, let me aſſure you, it ſhall be mine alſo; my ſon's viſits in this family will never be repeated; ſet your heart at reſt; Lionel Mortimer will give you and yours no further diſturbance."

"My Lord," anſwered the Baronet, "I am penetrated with the ſenſe of your very honourable proceedings, and the warmth with which

which you have expreſſed yourſelf on a ſubject ſo cloſely interwoven with my peace of mind; you have eaſed my heart of its burthen, and I ſhall ever be moſt grateful to you for it."

"Sir," replied the Peer, "there is more than enough ſaid on the ſubject; I dare ſay my ſon will ſurvive his diſappointment." "I dare ſay he will," ſaid Sir Paul; "I cannot doubt the ſucceſs of Mr. Lionel's attentions; I have only to hope he will direct them to ſome other object."

Lord Mortimer now muttered ſomething, which Sir Paul did not hear, nor perhaps attend to, and took a haſty leave. When it is explained to the reader, that Miſs Rachel had never, even in the moſt diſtant manner, hinted the ſituation of her heart to her brother, on the contrary had induſtriouſly concealed it from him, this *malentendu* will not appear out of nature and probability. Lionel, whoſe little gallantries with Louiſa had not gone far enough ſeriouſly to engage his heart, was ſufficiently tired of his mercenary attachment to Miſs Rachel; ſo that he patiently ſubmitted to his diſmiſſion, and readily obeyed his father's commands by a total diſcontinuance of his viſits to Sir Paul. To the ladies of the family this behaviour appeared altogether myſterious; Sir Paul kept the ſecret to himſelf, and watched Louiſa very narrowly; when he found ſhe took no other notice of Lionel's neglect, than by ſlightly remarking that ſhe ſuppoſed he was more agreeably engaged, he began to diſmiſs his jealouſy and regain his ſpirits.

It was far otherwiſe with the unhappy Rachel; her heart was on the rack, for though ſhe naturally ſuſpected her brother's jealouſy of being the cauſe of Lionel's abſence, yet ſhe could not account for his ſilence towards herſelf in any other way than by ſuppoſing that Louiſa had totally drawn off his affections from her, and this was agony not to be ſupported; day after day paſſed in anxious expectation of a letter to explain this cruel neglect, but none came; all communication with the whole family of Lord Mortimer was at a ſtop; no intelligence could be obtained from that quarter, and to all ſuch inquiries as ſhe ventured to try upon her brother, he anſwered ſo drily, that ſhe could gather nothing from him. In the mean time, as he became hourly better reconciled to Louiſa, ſo he grew more and more cool to the miſerable Rachel, who now too late diſcovered the fatal conſequences of interfering between them, and heartily reproached herſelf for her officiouſneſs in aggravating his jealouſy.

While ſhe was tormenting herſelf with theſe reflections, and when Louiſa ſeemed to have forgotten that ever ſuch a perſon as Lionel exiſted, a report was circulated that he was about to be married to a certain lady of great fortune, and that he had gone up with Lord Mortimer to town for that purpoſe. There wanted only this blow to make Rachel's agonies complete; in a ſtate of mind little ſhort of frenzy, ſhe betook herſelf to her chamber, and there ſhutting herſelf up ſhe gave vent to her paſſion in a letter fully charged with complaints and reproaches, which ſhe committed to a truſty meſſenger with ſtrict injunctions to deliver it into Lionel's own hand,

and

and return with his anſwer. This commiſſion was faithfully performed, and the following is the anſwer ſhe received in return:

"MADAM,

"I AM no leſs aſtoniſhed than affected by your letter: If your brother has not long ſince informed you of his conference with my father and the reſult of it, he has acted as unjuſtly by you as he has by Lord Mortimer and myſelf. When my father waited upon Sir Paul for the expreſs purpoſe of making known to him the hopes I had the ambition to entertain of rendering myſelf acceptable to you upon a propoſal of marriage, he received at once ſo ſhort and peremptory a diſmiſſion on my behalf, that, painful as it was to my feelings, I had no part to act but ſilently to ſubmit, and withdraw myſelf from a family, where I was ſo unacceptable an intruder.

"When I confirm the truth of the report you have heard, and inform you that my marriage took place this very morning, you will pardon me if I only add that

"I have the honour to be,
Madam,
"Your moſt obedient and
moſt humble ſervant,
"LIONEL MORTIMER."

Every hope being extinguiſhed by the receipt of this letter, the diſconſolate Rachel became henceforth one of the moſt miſerable of human beings. After venting a torrent of rage againſt her brother, ſhe turned her back upon his houſe for ever, and undetermined where to fix, while at intervals ſhe can ſcarce be ſaid to be in poſſeſſion of her ſenſes, ſhe is ſtill wandering from place to place in ſearch of that repoſe, which is not to be found, and wherever ſhe goes exhibits a melancholy ſpectacle of diſappointed envy and ſelf-tormenting ſpleen.

THE LITERARY REVIEW. No. IV.

WASHINGTON'S POLITICAL LEGACIES.

[Concluded from our laſt.]

THE thoughts of *Waſhington*, like his perſon, diſdained the gaudy ornaments of falſe taſte—the favourite toys of little minds. Clothed in a diction, ſimple, elegant, and correct, they diſplayed their own ſymmetry, and beſpoke their origin from an intellect, vigorous and pure. The manner, though it claims but ſubordinate praiſe, affords as unexceptionable a model as any we recogniſe among the writers of our country: always chaſte and candid, it is highly recommendable as ſuch, eſpecially for thoſe who have no talents to boaſt, beyond thoſe for imitation, and ſeem moſt emulous to excel in copying the worſt examples. Could the numerous political eſſayiſts, of this deſcription, be perſuaded to keep before their eyes the model we now contemplate, if they effected no good purpoſe, they would do little harm, and ſociety and language would enjoy much more repoſe. But it is principally the matter of his writings that deſerves the higheſt encomium, and demands a tribute infinitely

infinitely beyond our feeble abilities to beſtow; a tribute, which can be cancelled only by the grateful admiration of lateſt poſterity. Of Waſhington we may ſay, his pen, like his ſword, was devoted to the beſt intereſt of his country, and wielded only in the cauſe of humanity. It was never made ſubſervient to the invidious diſſenſions of party, or the vile purpoſes of perſonal revenge. When he wrote, his ſubject was before him, and every part was treated with clearneſs and preciſion. In all his communication, he diſcovers neither profuſeneſs of words, nor barrenneſs of thought.

When we ſurvey the *writings* and the *actions* of this great man, we find nothing to cenſure; and the only competition ſeems to be, which is the beſt comment on the other. Viewed as a perfect whole, or in detached parts, both afford ample matter for imitation, inſtruction, and admiration. Our limits will not permit us to deſcend to particulars. It is, however, a duty we owe to ourſelves, to give the ſignature of approbation to the records of our country's fame; and in theſe wayward times, when the mind of man is diſpoſed to neglect its beſt nutriment and ſeize its bane with avidity, it is a duty we owe the public, to recommend the peruſal and reperuſal of thoſe writings, which ſhow the dignity of virtue and the conſiſtency of principle.

COMMON SENSE IN DISHABILLE. No. XL.

DR. Franklin, if my memory ſerves me, has obſerved, that, "It is eaſier to pick up a pin than to make one." I know, by experience, that it requires leſs labour to pick up an eſſay than to write one. Walking the ſtreet, the other day, as I ſometimes do in queſt of thoughts, or materials for them, I accidentally caſt my eye on a manuſcript fragment, which appears to have been intended for part of a play. I immediately concluded, that the author was one of thoſe unfortunate perſons, whoſe ill-fated moments had been ſubſervient to the teazings of the Theſpian Muſe, and that his obſervations had dictated to him the propriety of committing his works to the mercy of the public, by a headlong deſcent from his garret window, in preference to the more perplexed and expenſive route, *viâ* ſtage and preſs. The induction was, that he was a man of ſenſe, *ergo*, the offspring of his brain is entitled to the rights of hoſpitality. But as we are prone to run wide from truth as we are drawn from our premiſes by the ſubtle thread of ratiocination, I am ſo far from being tenacious of my concluſion, that I ſhall recommend the peruſal of the fragment to the *idle only*, cautioning the reader whoſe time is of any worth, if he proceed further, not to charge its loſs to my account.

"*SCENE, A GARRET.*

"—— *an* Author *and*——*a* Shopkeeper."

[Firſt part of the Dialogue illegible.]

"*Author.* * * * BY heavens, Sir, I will not, 'Tis a fair May-day,

May-day, and yet the icicles are gathering round your heart, or you would never break friendſhip with the ſex for ſuch trifles. The ſun beams his moſt cheering ſmiles; the earth is dreſſed in her gayeſt attire; but you would not allow her faireſt tenant to ſelect thoſe ornaments, that pleaſe her fancy, and make the fair ſtill fairer.

"*Shopkeeper.* I am willing theſe fair idlers ſhould rival May itſelf in their apparel. But to be eternally chooſing, without ever making a choice, and running into every ſhop in town, to ſhow themſelves, under the pretence of ſeeing one's goods—this is beyond all ſufferance. Why, if the earth ſhould follow the example of ſome of her fickle daughters, inſtead of making up her ſpring dreſs without ado, and jogging on about her daily buſineſs, ſhe muſt take half a dozen trips through the milky way, call at every planet to ſee which kept the beſt fancy ſtore, and come back in the fall with nothing but a budget of patterns and faded noſegays, inſtead of the ripened fruits of her more rational employment.—Here, to convince you how much we ſuffer by theſe buſy idlers, called ſhop-haunters, or pattern-mongers, examine this; and as you ſometimes chaſtiſe folly, judge if this does not deſerve the rod. [*Exit, leaving a memorandum.*]

"*Author.* [*Solus.*] I like my eaſe too well, to be dragooned into an unprovoked war, eſpecially with thoſe, who are trained up in the art of making conqueſts. However, with an inclination to put the faireſt conſtruction on every thing that relates to the fair, I will peruſe the

"MEMORANDUM.

"Ladies called at ſhop this day, for patterns for gowns, 27

Do. who firſt looked round the ſhop, then inquired for what they knew was not there—courteſied complaiſantly, and went off with kind looks, 31

N. B. I have the reputation of doing well in buſineſs, am ununmarried, not to ſay handſome—they are ſingle, and have bargains to make.

Do. to look at goods of various kinds 42

—Of theſe, the greater part turned over and examined muſlins, ſilks, &c. and made their *hands* very conſpicuous—they were delicate. Several very ſtudiouſly concealed theirs—they bore the diſgraceful marks of induſtry. A number ſtooped gently over the counter, for a nearer ſurvey of goods—they had fair boſoms. ——

Sum total of female cuſtomers this day, 100

Bought by the whole, 1 fan—profit 3 cents.

Trouble equal to taking an account of ſtock.

N. B. The greater part of the above cuſtomers repeat a ſimilar routine of buſineſs each fair day.

"———, *Shopkeeper.*

A true ſtatement. Atteſt,

"——, *Clerk.*

"——, *May*, ——."

"The ſtatement may be juſt. But my friend's concluſions are crooked. At any rate, I will not ſend my folly into the world a companion for his ill-humour. By his own account, his obliging cuſtomers

cuſtomers muſt give themſelves as much trouble to ſhow their fancy-ware, as he to ſhow his. Though not profitable, 'tis a pleaſing exchange of kind offices, and ſuch as would leave the balance of pleaſure on his ſide, unleſs his eyes were fixed in a ſtoic's head."

* * * * * * * * *

"Hic multa deſunt."

Neither the cataſtrophe nor moral to the piece can be gathered from this fragment. The gallant author, however, might have added in this ſcene, and probably did, a more weighty argument in favour of that claſs of ladies whom the ill-natured ſhopkeeper calls "*ſhop-haunters*," or "*pattern-mongers*." Trades will multiply as ſociety advances in improvement; and it is an old maxim, that "all trades muſt live." This of *ſhopping* is certainly one of the moſt growing in our ſea-ports, and finds employment for a great number, who have no other viſible means of livelihood.

THE EAGLE. No. VI.

IT is neither within the ſcope of my deſign, conſiſtent with my avocations, nor would it be entertaining to my readers, to enter into minute details, or to give a critical review of the moſt celebrated American productions. It will not however be improper to call to mind ſome of the firſt rank. Nothing can tend more to create and ſtrengthen a love of country, than a ſenſe of its excellence. No one is proud of his connexion with ſtupidity and ignorance. When we are told by ſome of high rank in the Republic of Letters, that we have but few readers, and thoſe taſteleſs; ſtill fewer writers, and that ſmall number, dull, and inſipid; ſuch perſons remind me of the churliſh pedagogue, who cultivates the germ of genius, under the ſmart of the ferule, and inſpires ambition, by the whip and the rod.

No maxim is better eſtabliſhed, than that, liberty and learning flouriſh together. They are mutual protectors and patrons of each other. The hiſtory of our country adds weight to the truth of the propoſition. The germ of American genius ſprung up with her Independence; with the tree of liberty it has ſpread its flouriſhing branches, which ſhow the luxuriance of the ſoil. If in its firſt fruits there have been many windfalls, much has come to early maturity, and afforded a rich repaſt; and we have every indication of a plentiful harveſt.

Scarce dawned the revolution, ere *Trumbull* ſhone, in all the radiance of Genius, the bright morning ſtar of his country's glory. Americans were tranſported with his faſcinating numbers, and Europe has ſeconded their admiration. The *Conqueſt of Canaan*, an Epic Poem, by the now Dr. *Dwight*, Preſident of Yale College, ſoon ſucceeded. A work which proves, that, like the favored hero and nation, which he celebrated, we had then emerged from Egyptian darkneſs, had progreſſed through the wilderneſs, and

and arrived to the fair land of promiſe, that was to be illuminated by the ray of reaſon and the inſpiration of genius.

Let the impartial critic compare the former of theſe productions with the celebrated and well known *Hudibras of Butler*, and pronounce it leſs chaſte, or more feeble in genuine wit and pointed ſatire, if he can. Let him compare the latter with *Joan d'Ark*, or any modern Epic, *Milton* excepted, and if it fall ſhort, in plan, or incident, ſublimity or pathos, dignity of expreſſion, or harmony of numbers, (of which I cannot be ſenſible) it is certainly entitled to the higheſt praiſe, as the production of an infant country, and a young author. Both of them, if they do not exhibit the perfect ſymmetry and gigantic ſtature of a coloſſus, diſcover the nerve of a Hercules. The firſt, by a rare exception to a general rule, has yielded the living author his tribute of fame. If the other has not been ſo ſucceſsful, we can only ſay of its author, as of other men of diſtinguiſhed talents,

"The ſun of glory ſhines but on their tomb."

It was my intention to have particularized a number of our beſt writers. But when I call to mind the numerous effuſions of genius, of eſſays in poetry and proſe, on an endleſs variety of ſubjects, the many proficients in the profound branches of ſcience, the political reſearches and hiſtorical treaſure, flowing from the pen of an *Adams*, and of the *Ramſays*, *Belknaps*, *Minots*, and *Morſes* of America;—when I take a ſurvey of theſe, the abundance of matter confounds my choice. I cannot avoid comparing the productions of genius, taſte, and erudition of infant Columbia with the ſcanty ſchedule of the literary works of her mother country, in her advanced period, at the time of *Bacon*. The reſult of the compariſon is, of itſelf, ſufficient to excite a degree of national pride in Americans, which ought perhaps to condemn, as officious and unneceſſary, my weak attempt to vindicate their character, in a point ſo partially conſidered and ſo groſsly abuſed.

To do juſtice to the ſubject, which has been the theme of the preceding eſſays, and to the capital of New-England, I cannot paſs unnoticed, a real prodigy of Genius;—a man, whoſe merit as ſuch, is known in every part of his country, and acknowledged in Europe. I need not add that I allude to the author of the "*Invention of Letters*," the "*Ruling Paſſion*," and the Patriotic Ode, "*Adams and Liberty*."

I have endeavoured to compare the firſt of theſe with the moſt approved writings of *Pope*: As a model of verſification, it does not appear to me to be ſurpaſſed by the moſt finiſhed productions of this ſtandard of Engliſh poeſy. For originality and boldneſs of thought, lively deſcription, happy metaphor, and elegant diction, I look in vain, among the works of *Pope*, for its ſuperior, and I think, for its equal.

The "*Ruling Paſſion*," exhibits a variegated group of the moſt ſtriking pictures, drawn by the magic pencil of a maſter, from,

"That little world, that greater wonder, *Man*."

His "*Patriotic Ode*," has been

echoed,

echoed, and re-echoed through America. Repeated, it is ever new. The feelings excited by its repetition are its beſt comment. It diſdains compariſon, and defies criticiſm. Like the lyre of *Orpheus*, it has called to life the politically dead, and made,

"The groves to deſcend,
From the hill-tops they ſhaded,
Our ſhores to defend."

Though the offspring of an hour, it has the ſeeds of immortality; and will be repeated by the "Sons of Columbia," ſo long as the names of "ADAMS" and "LIBERTY," ſhall be ſacred to their country.*

THE EXCELLENT PREACHER.

A YOUNG preacher, who had a very handſome mien, a melodious voice, a graceful action, and all the other agreeable charms which pleaſe in declamation, having mounted the pulpit, ſuddenly loſt his memory, and not a word of the ſermon could he recollect. To quit the pulpit would have been diſhonourable; to ſpeak was more difficult, for he had nothing to ſay. What was to be done in this extremity? He reſolved to remain collected, and to make the beſt uſe of his voice and action, without pronouncing any thing but unconnected words, imperfect ſentences, and pathetic exclamations; ſuch as, *fors, buts, ifs, yets, ohs! ahs! you'll pleaſe to obſerve*, &c. Never did a preacher appear with more grace and animation. He expanded his lungs, he made pathetic exclamations, and waved his hand in a thouſand graceful manners. The pulpit ſhook; and the vault of the church, which was vaſt, re-echoed to all the vociferations he ſent forth. The audience preſerved a profound ſilence: every one reclined his ear, and redoubled his attention, to catch ſentences which were never ſpoken. Thoſe who ſat near the pulpit, ſaid, "We are too near: we cannot hear a ſentence!" Thoſe, who ſat remote, complained of the diſtance, which cauſed them to loſe the moſt wonderful ſermon they ever heard. In a word, our preacher kept his auditors in this manner for three quarters of an hour, all of them complaining of their ſeats. When he withdrew, their acclamations followed him; and they reſolved, the next time he preached, to chooſe their places with more care, and not to deprive themſelves of the fruits of a ſermon which they were ſenſible was never equalled.

This anecdote will ſhew, that a preacher may ſucceed without reaſon or imagination; and, if we judge by ſome who enjoy a good reputation, it will tend to prove, a muſical voice, balancing the hands, and uttering warm exclamations, are the chief requiſites for a *declaimer* in the pulpit.

THE

* While the numerous friends of Mr. *Paine* congratulate him on his late exchange of the *Attic loft*, for the *Forum*, and while his rapid progreſs in the laborious purſuits of an honorable profeſſion, prove the uncommon powers of his mind as happily formed for analytical and profound inveſtigation, as for the creative works of fancy, the Amateur cannot but indulge a wiſh, that his leiſure hours may continue to afford, as they have done, the moſt exquiſite ſpecimens and concluſive proofs of American genius and literature.

THE WANDERER.

Huc natas adjice ſeptem,
Et totidem juvenes; et mox generoſque nuruſque
Quærite nunc, habeat quam noſtra ſuperbia cauſam. OVID.

Seven are my daughters, of a form divine,
With ſeven fair ſons, an indefective line:
Go, Fools, conſider this; then aſk the cauſe
From which my pride its ſtrong preſumption draws. CROXALL.

Mr. Wanderer,

SOMETIME ago I happened to be turning over Johnſon's Dictionary, when the word Bachelor caught my eye. I had the curioſity to hunt for the etymology of it, when I found that Junius derives it from Βαχηλ@~, which ſignifies Fooliſh. I muſt own the derivation ſtartled me; for being in my own opinion a man of profound wiſdom, though a Bachelor, I felt a little hurt that the fraternity, of which I have the honor to be a member, ſhould thus be wounded by the arrows of a fanciful Etymologiſt. From diſliking the derivation, I proceeded to quarrel with the poſition, and to inquire whether the cap and bells may not be added to other decorations of the married head. The man who, miſled by the cunning of another, ſuffers himſelf to be drawn into a contract by which he is ruined, and the author of the calamity unhurt, is generally ſpoken of with more ridicule than compaſſion; nor do I think the ridicule would be leſſened, if the knaviſh party ſhould happen to be a woman. In other words, by marriage a man runs a greater riſk of being made a fool of, than by remaining ſingle; a fact which the annals of Weſtminſter Hall and Doctor's Commons are by no means backward in authenticating.

But there are other conſequences of marriage, which, though not ſo ruinous to happineſs as infidelity, are equally calculated to promote vexation and excite ridicule. Some of theſe conſequences will appear in the following account:

Frank Homely and myſelf were in early youth as inſeparable companions as good-humour and port wine could make us, till Love, who, as the poet ſings,

At ſight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies,

threatened in an evil hour to ſet us at variance. Alike in ſtudies, and alike in pleaſures, the ſame arrow ſmote us both, and both became victims to the bright eyes of Miſs Rachel Barnaby, daughter of Mr. Giles Barnaby, an inconſiderable farmer in the neighbourhood. For myſelf, being a man of an invincible modeſty, I "never told my love;" content that my patient aſſiduities ſhould tell it for me. But, alas! patient aſſiduities could effect little, when placed in competition with the more ſubſtantial qualifications of my friend, namely, aſſurance and three per cents. By means of theſe, Frank increaſed ſo rapidly in the damſel's good graces, that in the ſpace of two months he led her to the altar. I had, during the progreſs of my paſſion, with a prudence rarely attainable by perſons

ſons in that ſituation, concealed it from my friend; nor do I think Rachel herſelf, with all her ſex's penetration, ever once dreamt of it. Being ſoon cured of all remains of fondneſs, I ſet out on my travels, and, year after year, received from the Engliſh newſpapers the important intelligence, that the wife (I beg her pardon, the *Lady*) of Francis Homely, Eſq. was delivered of a child. This brings to my mind an odd obſervation, made to me by a lady of eminence at Venice, that the Engliſh, wiſely knowing that the true wealth of a country conſiſts in its population, never fail to record the birth of a child in all their public prints. But to proceed in my ſtory.

Fourteen years had elapſed ſince the period of my quitting England, and every year had witneſſed an increaſe to the noble family of the Homelys. In that proliſic houſe, the human figure might be ſeen in all its ſhapes and gradations —"ab ovo uſque ad mala"—from the infant "muling and puking in the nurſe's arms," up to the tall coquettiſh girl aping the airs of womanhood. I had not been long landed when I received a letter from Mr. Homely, acquainting me, among other things, that he had been long married to Old Barnaby's daughter, Rachel, a woman "poſſeſſed of every accompliſhment to make the married ſtate happy;" that ſhe had already *bleſſed* him with ſeven ſons and ſeven daughters, as fine a ſet as ever I ſaw in my life, and that nothing was wanting to complete his felicity, but to find his friend a witneſs to it, &c. &c.

Eager to enjoy the ſight of ſo much connubial happineſs, I fixed an early day to dine with him, and buſied myſelf in the anticipation of the elegant delights which my poetic imagination figured my friend to poſſeſs. When the hour arrived, I repaired to Mr. Homely's houſe, and was ſhewn into his ſtudy, which, inſtead of being furniſhed with books and maps, was ſtrewed around with go-carts, dolls, whiſtles, penny trumpets, and "cheap publications." I thought this rather ſtrange furniture for a library, and imagined that nothing ſhort of the ingenuity of the Sage of Laputa could extract food for ſtudy from ſuch a jumble of materials. Scarce had I made this reflection, when my ears were alarmed with a tremendous ſound, which aſcending the ſtaircaſe, and burſting open the *ſtudy* door, exhibited four of my friend's ſons and ſix of his daughters, ſhouting like wild Indians,—with their arms ſtrongly faſtened with cords, and urged forward by another of the hopeful race, who brandiſhed a whip over his head, and ſent forth ſounds from it which might have ſilenced the thong of a French poſtilion; this gentle paſtime, it ſeems, they called *playing at horſes*. The infant banditti had paced themſelves round the room, and thrown down three chairs in their progreſs, when the ſecond horſe in the team fell down, and was dragged by his playful aſſociates along the floor, in ſpite of his angry cries and remonſtrances. It required all the authority of their father to quell this hideous din, who ſhortly made his appearance; and, notwithſtanding the increaſed wrinkles on his brow, welcomed me with a cordial ſhake of the hand, and led me up-ſtairs to the drawing room, to introduce me to his wife. The drawing-room had diſcarded all ſuperfluous ornaments, and boaſted a negligence

gence and plainneſs that Diogenes might not have been aſhamed of. In one corner two miſchievous urchins had torn open a new pack of cards, and were building houſes with them. In another ſtood a cradle and cawdle cup, while ruſh-bottomed chairs, back-boards, ſteel collars, and ſtocks, uſurped the places of candelabrums, ſilk hangings and mirrors. On my entrance, Mrs. Homely ſhook two children from her lap, and one from her ſhoulder, and aroſe to welcome me; exhibiting to my aſtoniſhed view the once ſlender Rachel converted into a broad clumſy dame, with all the marks of premature old age. After the uſual ceremonies I took my ſeat, and now my torments commenced. One child faſtened my button with packthread to the back of the chair; another pierced the calf of my leg with a black pin; while a third inſiſted upon mounting behind me, and ſwinging by my *pig-tail*. I bore theſe tortures with the firmneſs of an American captive, hoping that the call to dinner would put an end to my ſufferings. But my expectations were vain, and I queſtion whether Sancho ſuffered half the vexation that I did during the mockery of a banquet, though I confeſs my ſufferings were alleviated by obſerving that the reſt of the company came in for their ſhare. Mrs. Homely ſat at the head of the table with a rickety child on her knee, and inſiſted, like an indulgent mother as ſhe was, that nine of her numerous brood ſhould ſeat themſelves at the board, which cauſed all the din and diſturbance that I expected. Two butter-boats were overſet on the ſattin breeches of Mr. Deputy Maroon; the immaculate muſlin of Miſs Bridle was fated to receive the contents of a wine glaſs; and, to complete the calamity, a fine leg of pork was entirely flayed, that the children might devour the ſkin, under the ſignificant name of *crackling*. My friend, not quite reconciled to matrimonial trammels, ſeemed rather diſturbed at this ſcene of folly and confuſion; but his help-mate, who had long buried politeneſs, and even decency, in the vortex of one inſtinctive paſſion, love for her offspring, was delighted with the buſtle, and *would not have the poor things ſnubbed for the world*. She looked round upon her diſtorted brood with exultation, even priding herſelf upon their defects, and appeared to think that ſhe had obtained a diſpenſation from rule and reaſon from the ſole circumſtance of having favoured the world with fourteen children.

Now, Mr. Wanderer, is it not a ſhame that a parcel of idle fellows ſhould ſit down and write poetical panegyrics upon "wedded love," when it is notorious that nine times out of ten the married ſtate is as I have deſcribed it? We collegians, who take our ideas of life from books, are apt to imagine that marriage is attended by all that elegant felicity which your Thompſons and your Shenſtones deſcribe. I confeſs, that at the age of nineteen ſuch was my opinion; but the caſe of my friend Homely, and twenty other caſes which I might produce, have ſince tended to diminiſh my credulity. Tell me, Sir, I entreat you, why ſhould Hymen's torch and Cupid's bow be thus eternally at variance? Shew me the policy of this conduct, that one woman, elegant and

ſilly, ſhould, after marriage, ſuffer her elegance to evaporate, and her ſillineſs remain; while another, who in her virgin ſtate has charmed her admiring acquaintance with beauty, accompliſhments, and taſte, ſhould be content, when a wife, to abſorb all other qualifications in the duties of houſemaid and nurſe.

I am, &c.

SOLUS.

PORTRAIT OF THE PRESIDENT MONTESQUIEU.

BY HIMSELF.

[Tranſlated from his Poſthumous Works, juſt publiſhed at Paris.]

I AM of ſo happy a temperament, that I have ſenſibility enough to receive all the pleaſure which the objects that ſurround me can afford; but not enough to be ſuſceptible of all the mortification and ſorrow they give to others. Vexation is very little known to me; and I am a ſtill greater ſtranger to liſtleſſneſs of ſpirit.

I have ambition enough to take an active part in life; but not ſo much as to be diſſatisfied with the ſtation in which fortune has placed me.

When I diſcover any new ſource of pleaſure, I am extremely moved; and am inſtantly ſurpriſed, that I could overlook the object, or regard it with indifference.

When I was a youth, I was always ſo fortunate as to perſuade myſelf that the woman I loved was partial to me; and when I happened to be undeceived, to be inſtantaneouſly cured of my paſſion.

Literature is with me a never failing remedy for all the ills of life; nor did I ever know what that ſorrow was which an hour's reading could not diſſipate.

I awaken in the morning with a ſecret joy at ſeeing the dawn; I regard the light with a feeling approaching to ecſtacy; and, during the reſt of the day, I am happy. I paſs the night without awaking, and am aſleep the moment I lay down my head.

I am almoſt as well ſatisfied with the company of fools as of the wiſe; for I have not often met with men ſo dull as not to amuſe me, and there are few things as diverting as ſome ſilly people are.

I make no ſcruple to entertain myſelf with ſecretly obſerving the characters of men, permitting them meanwhile to do the ſame with mine.

When I was a novice, I looked up to the great with veneration; experience ſoon changed my ſentiments, with little exception, to the extreme of contempt.

I am not unwilling to flatter women: it is doing them a kindneſs at a cheap rate.

I have naturally a great anxiety for the proſperity and honour of my country, and very little for my own fame. I always feel a ſecret pleaſure, when any regulation happens to be made for the public benefit.

Whenever I have reſided in a foreign country, I have attached myſelf to it as to my native land; my heart has ſhared in its fortunes, and I have longed to ſee it flouriſh.

I have thought I perceived talents

ents where the world has formed a contrary opinion.

I am not ſorry to paſs for an abſent man; I can thus with impunity indulge in a neglect of many little forms, to which otherwiſe I muſt have been a ſlave.

I love to viſit where I can eſcape cenſure with my ordinary converſation and manners.

On viſits, I am always charmed when I find one of the company take upon himſelf the trouble of being gay and entertaining. Such a one protects thoſe that chooſe to be ſilent.

Nothing diverts me more than to hear a man relating petty ſtories with all their petty circumſtances. It is not the tale I attend to, but the ridiculous paſſion of the ſpeaker. As to moſt talkers, indeed, I would rather gratify them with my praiſe than my attention.

I love my family ſufficiently to provide every thing in my power for its welfare, but am not ſo fooliſh as to make myſelf a ſlave to the minute affairs of a houſe.

When I confide in any one, I have no reſerves; but there are few in whom I am inclined to confide.

It has given me no high opinion of myſelf, to perceive that there are very few offices in the State for which I am in reality qualified. As to my ſtation as preſident of the parliament, I have a very upright mind, and I can readily enough diſcover what reaſon demands of me; but I am loſt, when I come to aſk myſelf—What is the deciſion of the law? Yet, I have been anxious to make myſelf maſter of the intricacies of form, and am the more angry with myſelf becauſe I ſee men with mean underſtandings acquire what I could not attain.

In the treating of topics at all profound and difficult, I am obliged to reflect much as I proceed, to prevent my ideas from falling into confuſion. If I perceive that I am liſtened to, the ſubject ſeems to vaniſh from me, or my thoughts riſe in ſuch hurry and diſorder that nothing is diſtinct. But when difficult points are diſcuſſed in converſation, where there are other ſpeakers, I acquit myſelf infinitely better.

I never could ſee tears, without ſympathy.

I may be ſaid to have a paſſion for friendſhip.

I am prone to forgive, becauſe hatred is a troubleſome companion. When my enemy wiſhes to be reconciled, he applies to my vanity, and I can no longer regard as an enemy one who does me the favour to give me a good opinion of myſelf.

When I am reſiding in the country, among my vaſſals, I never encourage unfavourable reports of any of them. If a tale-bearer would repeat ſomething ſaid to my diſadvantage, I interrupt him with ſaying—I do not wiſh to incur the danger of believing a falſe report, and would not give myſelf the trouble to hate a knave.

At the age of thirty-five, I was once more in love.

I can no more make viſits with mercenary views, than I can accompany birds through the air.

In the buſtle of public life, I felt as if I could not endure retirement. In retirement, I forgot the world.

A man of eminent merit I can never bear to analyze; a man, who, with valuable qualities, does not

not riſe above mediocrity, I analyze very carefully.

I believe I am the only writer who has not been ſmitten with the paſſion of being reputed a wit; and my intimate friends know that in converſation I never affect it, but have ſenſe enough to uſe the language of thoſe with whom I aſſociate.

I have often had the misfortune to be diſguſted with perſons whoſe good-will I had earneſtly ſought.

I never loſt but one friend, through any miſunderſtanding; and I have lived with my children as with friends.

It has been a principle of my whole life, never to do, by the agency of others, what I could do for myſelf; and hence I have improved my fortune by means within my own reach—moderation and economy—unmingled with foreign aid, which is always mean or unjuſt.

When I have ſeen a company expect to find me excel in converſation, I have been more than uſually unſucceſsful. I would rather be preſent with men of talents to enliven my underſtanding, than with fools to applaud my ſayings.

The perſons I moſt deſpiſe are, the minor wits, and men of high ſtation without probity.

I never wrote a paſquinade; I have committed miſtakes enough, but never was guilty of ill-will to any one.

I never was prodigal in my expenſes, yet I am not avaricious, and I know of no enterprize that I would at any time have undertaken to amaſs riches.

It has been very prejudicial to my affairs, that I could never forbear to deſpiſe thoſe I could not eſteem.

I have not failed to increaſe my property, my lands being greatly improved; but I am perſuaded, my motive was rather to enlarge my power than my revenue.

On my entering into life, I was ſpoken of as a man of talents, and people of condition gave me a favourable reception; but when the ſucceſs of my PERSIAN LETTERS proved perhaps that I was not unworty of my reputation, and the public began to eſteem me, my reception with the great was diſcouraging, and I experienced innumerable mortifications. The great, inwardly wounded with the glory of a celebrated name, ſeek to humble it. In general, he only can patiently endure the fame of others, who deſerves fame himſelf.

I do not think I ever expended four pounds for the ſake of ſhew, or made one viſit for the ſake of intereſt. In what I undertake, I employ no trick; and am leſs anxious for the ſucceſs of my enterprize, than for the diſcharge of my duty in it.

Had I been born in England, nothing could have conſoled me in failing to accumulate a large fortune; I do not lament the mediocrity of my circumſtances in France.

I own, I have too much vanity to wiſh my children to make a ſplendid fortune, for they would find it difficult to pronounce their father's name, and my tomb would be a monument to perpetuate their diſgrace. I do not ſuppoſe they would level my tomb with the ground; but they would ſcarcely rebuild it, if thrown down. Their origin would embarraſs their flatterers, and twenty times a day bring bluſhes on their own cheeks. My memory would exiſt

ift only to give offence, and my unhappy ſhade haunt the living with unceaſing terrors.

Timidity has been the bane of my life; it ſeems to affect even the organs of my body, and my intellect; to arreſt my tongue, caſt a cloud over my thoughts, and confound my language. I am leſs ſubject to this humiliation before men of ſenſe than fools, becauſe I truſt to their perceiving the train of my ideas. Sometimes I have chanced to acquit myſelf well enough. Being at Luxembourg, in an apartment where the Emperor was at dinner, Prince Kinſki ſaid to me—"You, Sir, who came from France, will be ſurpriſed to ſee the Emperor ſo ill lodged."—"Sir," I anſwered, "I am not ſorry to ſee a country in which the ſubjects are better lodged than their ſovereign."—Being in Piedmont, the King ſaid to me, "I underſtand, Sir, you are a relation of the Abbé de Monteſquieu, whom I have ſeen here with the Abbé d'Eſtrades." "Sir," I replied, "your majeſty is like Cæſar, who never forgot any one's name."——Dining in England with the Duke of Richmond, the French envoy there, La Boine, who was at table, and was ill qualified for his ſituation, contended that England was not larger than the province of Guienne. I oppoſed the envoy. In the evening, the Queen ſaid to me, "I am informed, Sir, that you undertook our defence againſt M. de la Boine." "Madam," I replied, "I cannot perſuade myſelf that a country over which you reign, is not a great kingdom."

I have had the double misfortune—to write books, and to be aſhamed of them.

I never wiſhed to increaſe my wealth by the favours of the court; but, content to improve my lands, have held my fortune dependent only on Providence. N********, having certain purpoſes to anſwer, intimated, that a penſion would be granted me. I replied, "Having never degraded myſelf by conceſſions to the court, I have no need to ſeek conſolation in its favours."

If I may predict the fortune of the SPIRIT OF LAWS, it will be more praiſed than read. Such works afford ſatisfaction, but are never reſorted to for amuſement. I conceived the deſign of making parts of that book more elaborate and profound, but the ſtate of my eyes would not permit me to purſue the neceſſary ſtudies.

If I knew of any enterprize that would do myſelf a ſervice at the expenſe of my family, I would reject it; if it were one that would advance the fortune of my houſe to the injury of my country, I would endeavour to forget it; if it were ſomething that would be uſeful to my country, but inconſiſtent with the intereſts of Europe or the human race, I ſhould regard the proſecution of it as a crime.

My ambition is—to be ſimple in my manners; to receive as few favours as poſſible; and to grant as many as poſſible.

REMEDY

REMEDY FOR THE BITE OF A SNAKE.

[The following is given as a new Diſcovery of an infallible Remedy for the Bite of venomous Snakes.]

TO JAMES ANDERSON, M. D. PHYSICIAN GENERAL, &c. &c.

Dear Sir,

I HAVE the pleaſure to ſend you the hiſtory of a Caſe, which was attended with the moſt alarming ſymptoms, as a confirmation of the beneficial effects to be expected from the uſe of *Eau de Luce*, or *Spirits of Hartſhorn*, in the Bites of even the moſt dangerous Snakes. On the 11th of this month, at half paſt three o'clock, P. M. one of the Dooley Bearers of the 2d Regiment of Cavalry, in the act of cutting a branch of a tree, about 100 yards from my houſe, was bit by a Snake on the outſide of the left leg, a little below the knee. He felt immediately the pain ſtretching up his thigh, and in the courſe of ten or twelve minutes he was ſeized with violent ſpaſms all over his body, and fell down apparently without ſenſe or motion. He was then brought to me, when I found all his joints quite ſtiff, his limbs rigidly extended, pulſe hardly to be felt, and jaws faſt locked. Having no Eau de Luce at hand, I put a tea ſpoonful of Hartſhorn into a tumbler with a ſmall quantity of water, and having with difficulty opened his mouth by means of a turn-ſcrew, I poured it in; but the power of deglutition being perfectly gone, only a very ſmall part found its way to the ſtomach. In ten minutes more I repeated the draught, and again a very ſmall quantity got to the ſtomach; ten minutes after I gave him another doſe, when, by holding his head back, the greateſt part went down, and in a few minutes he was ſenſibly relieved, as his joints became more pliable. I now received ſome Eau de Luce, and in about ten minutes gave him about twenty-five drops mixed with a little water, which by holding his head as before, got all into his ſtomach. He now began to recover his recollection, and upon being aſked, pointed that he felt a pain in his breaſt, and the crown of his head. Half an hour after giving the laſt doſe I repeated it, and in about five minutes he was ſeized with vomiting, when he brought up a ſmall quantity of green ſlimy matter, which ſeemed to relieve him greatly, for he was then able to look about him. I repeated the medicine every half hour, and after every doſe he got a little better, ſo that at nine o'clock he was able, with a little ſupport, to walk home from my houſe, ſcarcely feeling any effect but weakneſs from the bite, and I ſaw him next morning perfectly well. During the internal exhibition of the medicine, the wound was rubbed with it, and ſeemingly with ſome good effect. The ſnake was not killed, ſo that I cannot ſay what ſpecies it was of; but from the violent effects produced by its bite, I have no doubt of its being a very dangerous one.

I am, dear Sir,
Your moſt obedient ſervant,
WILLIAM MACKINTOSH.

Arcot, Nov. 13, 1798.

DESCRIPTION

DESCRIPTION

Of the Ceremony of the GENTOO WOMEN *burning themſelves with the Bodies of their Huſbands.*

[From the Narrative of D. CAMPBELL, Eſq.]

"THIS day I went to ſee a Gentoo Woman reſign herſelf to be burned along with the corpſe of her deceaſed huſband.

"The place fixed upon for this tragic ſcene, was a ſmall inlet on the bank of one of the branches of the river Cavery, about a mile to the northward of the fort of Tanjore.

"When I came to the ſpot, I found the victim, who appeared to be not above ſixteen, ſitting on the ground, dreſſed in the Gentoo manner, with a white cloth wrapped round her, ſome white flowers like jeſſamine hanging round her neck, and ſome of them hanging from her hair. There were about twenty women ſitting on their hams round her, holding a white handkerchief, extended horizontally over her head, to ſhade her from the ſun, which was exceſſively hot, it being then about noon.

"At about twenty yards from where ſhe was ſitting, and facing her, there were twenty Bramins buſy in conſtructing a pile with eight feet long, and four broad. They firſt began by driving ſome upright ſtakes into the ground, and then built up the middle to about the height of three feet and a half with billets of wood.

"The dead huſband, who, from his appearance, ſeemed to be about ſixty years of age, was lying cloſe by, ſtretched out on a bier, made of Bamboo canes. Four Bramins walked in proceſſion three times round the dead body, firſt in a direction contrary to the ſun; and afterwards other three times in a direction with the ſun, all the while muttering incantations, and at each round or circuit they made, they untwiſted, and immediately again twiſted up the ſmall long lock of hair which is left unſhaven at the back of their heads.

"Some other Bramins were in the mean time employed in ſprinkling water out of a green leaf, rolled up like a cup, upon a ſmall heap of dry cow dung, with which the pile was afterwards to be ſet on fire.

"An old Bramin ſat at the north-eaſt corner of the pile upon his hams, with a pair of ſpectacles on, reading, I ſuppoſe, the ſhaſter, or their ſcriptures, from a book compoſed of Cajan leaves.

"Having been preſent now nearly an hour, I inquired when they meant to ſet the pile on fire: they anſwered in about two hours. As this ſpectacle was moſt melancholy, and naturally ſtruck me with horror, and as I had only gone there to aſſure myſelf of the truth of ſuch ſacrifices being made, I went away towards the fort. After I was gone about five hundred yards, they ſent ſome one to tell me they would burn immediately; on which I returned, and found the woman had been moved from where ſhe was ſitting to the river, where the Bramins were bathing her. On taking her out of the water, they put ſome money in her hand, which ſhe dipped in the river, and divided among the Bramins;

Bramins; ſhe had then a yellow cloth rolled partly round her. They put ſome red colour, about the ſize of a ſixpence, on the centre of her forehead, and rubbed ſomething that appeared to me to be clay. She was then led to the pile, round which ſhe walked three times as the ſun goes; ſhe then mounted it at the northeaſt corner, without any aſſiſtance; and ſat herſelf down on the right ſide of her huſband, who had been previouſly laid upon the pile. She then unſcrewed the pins which faſtened the jewels of ſilver rings on her arms; after ſhe had taken them off, ſhe ſhut them and ſcrewed the pins again; and gave one to each of the two women who were ſtanding by her; ſhe unſcrewed the ear-rings and other toys with great compoſure, and divided them among the women who were with her.—There ſeemed to be ſome little ſquabble about the diſtribution of her jewels, which ſhe ſettled with great preciſion; and then falling gently backwards, pulling a fold of the yellow cloth over her face, turned her breaſt towards her huſband's ſide, and laid her right arm over his breaſt, and in this poſture ſhe remained without moving.

"Juſt before ſhe laid down, the Bramins put ſome rice in her lap, and alſo ſome in the mouth and on the long grey beard of her huſband; they then ſprinkled ſome water on the head, breaſt and feet of both, tied them gently together round the middle with a ſlender bit of rope; they then raiſed as it were, a little wall of wood, lengthways on two ſides of the pile, ſo as to raiſe it above the level of the bodies; and then put croſs pieces, ſo as to prevent billets of wood from preſſing on them; they then poured on the pile above where the woman lay, a pot full of ſomething that appeared to me to be oil; after this they heaped on more wood, to the height of four feet above where the bodies were built in, ſo that all I now ſaw was a ſtack of fire wood.

"One of the Bramins, I obſerved, ſtood at the end of the pile next the woman's head, was calling to her through the interſtices of the wood, and laughed ſeveral times during the converſation. Laſtly, they overſpread the pile with wet ſtraw, and tied it on with ropes. A Bramin then took a handful of ſtraw which he ſet on fire at the little heap of burning cakes of cow-dung, and ſtanding to the windward of the pile, he let the wind drive the flame from the ſtraw till it catched the pile; fortunately at this inſtant, the wind roſe much higher than it had been any part of the day; and in an inſtant the flames pervaded the whole pile, and burnt with great fury. I liſtened a few ſeconds, but could not diſtinguiſh any ſhrieks, which might perhaps be owing to my being then to the windward. In a very few moments, the pile became a heap of aſhes.

"During the whole time of this proceſs, which laſted from firſt to laſt above two hours before we loſt ſight of the woman, by her being built up in the middle of the pile, I kept my eyes almoſt conſtantly on her; and I declare to God that I could not perceive either in her countenance or limbs the leaſt trace of either horror, fear, or even heſitation; her countenance was perfectly compoſed;

and

and ſhe was not, I am poſitive, either intoxicated or ſtupified. From ſeveral circumſtances I thought the Bramins exulted in this helliſh ſacrifice, and did not ſeem at all diſpleaſed that Europeans ſhould be the witneſſes of it."

THE BLACK PRINCE:

Being an Account of the Life and Death of NAIMBANNA, *an African King's Son, who arrived in England, in the Year* 1791, *and ſet Sail on his Return, in June,* 1793.

[From the Miſſionary Magazine.]

IN Africa, the country where the negroes live, and from which ſlaves are taken, there was a king who was not a Chriſtian, but who was a better man (to their ſhame be it ſpoken) than many who call themſelves Chriſtians. Though he could neither read nor write, he had good ſenſe enough to grieve for the miſery and ignorance of his poor countrymen, and he was deſirous of doing them good if he but knew how.

At length a number of Engliſh gentlemen, who had at heart the ſame thing, formed themſelves into a company for the purpoſe of putting a ſtop to the trade in ſlaves, and ſpreading in Africa the bleſſings of the goſpel.

Their plan was to form a ſettlement in the river Sierra Leone, where the above-mentioned king lived; and they accordingly ſent over an agent to talk with the king, and to procure his conſent.

The good old king was very glad when he heard of their intentions; he eaſily ſaw that ſuch a ſettlement would produce great benefit to his country; he therefore became the ſtaunch friend of the company; and alſo of the ſettlement, which was ſoon after formed, and he continued ſo to the day of his death.

The king had thought, before this time, that there were none but bad people in England; for, to uſe his own words, he had *never before ſeen any Engliſhmen who were not bad people;* but he now found, that though there were many wicked people in England, there were many good people alſo. Being informed that what made the people in England good was the Chriſtian religion, he reſolved to ſend thither his ſon, about 23 years of age, who was put under the care of the Sierra Leone Company's agent, and by him brought to England, the Company readily undertaking the charge of his education.

Naimbanna (for ſo he was called) arrived in England, in a veſſel called the Lapwing, in the year 1791, and proper perſons were choſen to inſtruct him in reading, writing, and other parts of education; but before we proceed to give an account of the progreſs he made during his ſtay in this country, it may be proper to make the reader acquainted with his character at the time of his landing. His perſon was not handſome, but his manners were extremely pleaſing, and his diſpoſition kind and affectionate; at the ſame time, his feelings were quick and jealous, and he was very violent in his temper, as well as proud

proud and diſdainful. Though he laboured under great diſadvantages from the want of early education, yet he ſhewed ſigns of a good underſtanding, and he appeared to be very ſharp-ſighted in finding out people's real character.

He had not been long in England before a thirſt of knowledge was found to be a leading feature in his character. His teachers have ſaid that he would often urge them to prolong the time employed in reading, and that he was always thankful to any one who would aſſiſt him in learning any thing that was uſeful. He was never led into company where the time was waſted in idle talk without being ſorry, and when left to himſelf, he would employ not leſs than eight or ten hours of the day in reading.

As it was the main object of the gentlemen to whoſe care he had been entruſted, to give him right views of Chriſtianity, pains were taken to convince him, that the Bible was the word of God, and he received it as ſuch with great reverence and ſimplicity: "When I found," ſaid he, "all good men minding the Bible, and calling it the word of God, and all bad men diſregarding it, I was then ſure that the Bible muſt be what good men called it, the word of God." But not content with the report of others, he read the Bible for himſelf. He would ſometimes complain of being fatigued with other ſtudies; but even when he was moſt fatigued, if aſked to read a little in the ſcriptures, he always expreſſed his readineſs by ſome emotion of joy. He uſed to ſay, that he was ſure of meeting with ſomething in the Bible which ſuited every caſe, and ſhewed him what was right, and what was wrong; and that he likewiſe found in it good examples to encourage him to do what was right, and bad examples to deter him from doing what was wrong. In ſhort, he was not one of thoſe who read the Bible, and think little or nothing about what they read, but he conſidered it as the rule of his life; and if at any time his behaviour was amiſs, and a text of ſcripture was mentioned, which proved it to be ſo, he would immediately ſubmit to its authority. Nor was his regard for the Bible merely of an outward kind; it plainly affected his heart. He had tried, when in Africa, (to uſe his own words) to *make himſelf as proud as he could*, and he thought it great to revenge himſelf on any one who had done him an injury; but from the Bible he acquired ſuch humble views of himſelf, that he was led to ſee his need of Chriſt as his Saviour, and the neceſſity of relying on him as the ground of acceptance with God. Humility was a quality which he found it hard to attain; but before his departure from England, not only his pride, but alſo his revengeful ſpirit had become hateful to him. The progreſs he had made in ſubduing his paſſions, during his ſhort ſtay in this country, conſidering the natural violence of his temper, was conſiderable. He always expreſſed ſorrow when he had been haſty or paſſionate in his conduct; as he became more acquainted with Chriſtian principles, he acquired more courteſy and delicacy of manners, ſome degree of which was indeed natural to him, and the ſuperſtitious belief in witchcraft, to which Africans are ſo prone, gradually left him.

He paid great reſpect to the teachers

teachers of Chriſtianity, whom he wiſhed much to invite over to his country; took great delight in the exerciſes of devotion, and would talk on religious ſubjects with much openneſs and ſimplicity, and without any mixture of enthuſiaſm. Love and gratitude to God, who had delivered him from the ſtate of darkneſs in which, in common with millions of his countrymen, he had been till lately plunged, were ſtrongly impreſſed on his mind, and had a ſtrong and abiding effect on the whole of his conduct.

His tenderneſs of conſcience was very ſtriking, and it ſeemed to have become his deſire, on all occaſions, to know what line of conduct was moſt agreeable to the word of God: when he could determine that point, he would not heſitate about reſolving to purſue it.

The reader will have a better view of the character of this black Prince, from the following ſtories of him, the truth of which is well eſtabliſhed.

His father had ſeen ſo much drunkenneſs among the Engliſh ſlave traders on the coaſt of Africa, that he concluded drunkenneſs was very common in England, and in order to prevent his ſon's falling into that abominable practice, he laid a command on him, (ſtating at the ſame time the ground of his fears) that when he came to England, he ſhould not be prevailed upon to drink ſpirits of any kind, nor to drink more than a glaſs or two of wine at a meal.

When young Naimbanna found how ſtrongly obedience to parents is enjoined in the Bible, he regarded this command of his father as ſacred, nor was he ever known to violate it.

Soon after he came to London, he was taken to ſee St. Paul's, the grandeur of which it was thought would aſtoniſh him; but to the ſurpriſe of the gentleman who went with him, in getting to the upper part of the building, terror ſeemed to ſwallow up every other feeling; he made the utmoſt haſte to deſcend, nor did he ſtop till he found himſelf ſafely landed in the church-yard, when, in a very earneſt manner, he thanked God for having ſpared him. When aſked the reaſon of his ſtrange conduct, he ſaid, that on looking down from the top of St. Paul's, he was ſo ſtruck with the nearneſs of death and judgment, that he loſt ſight of every other object; that he never felt before how much he deſerved puniſhment at the hands of God, and that he only thought of eſcaping, leſt ſuch a ſignal puniſhment as that of falling from the top of St. Paul's ſhould overtake him.

He was preſent once in the Houſe of Commons, during a debate on the ſlave trade. He there heard a gentleman, who ſpoke in favour of the trade, ſay ſome things very degrading to the character of his countrymen. He was ſo enraged at this, that on coming out of the Houſe, he cried out with great vehemence, "I will kill that fellow wherever I meet him, for he has told lies of my country:" he was put in mind of the Chriſtian duty of forgiving his enemies; on which he anſwered nearly in the following words:—"If a man ſhould rob me of my money, I can forgive him; if a man ſhould ſhoot at me, I can forgive him; if a man ſhould

ſell

ſell me and all my family to a ſlave ſhip, ſo that we ſhould paſs all the reſt of our lives in ſlavery in the Weſt-Indies, I can forgive him; but (added he with much emotion) if a man takes away the character of the people of my country, I never can forgive him." Being aſked why he would not extend his forgiveneſs to one who took away the character of the people of his country, he anſwered,—"If a man ſhould try to kill me, or ſhould ſell my family for ſlaves, he would do an injury to as many as he might kill or ſell; but if any one takes away the character of black people, that man injures black people all over the world; and when he has once taken away their character, there is nothing which he may not do to black people ever after. That man, for inſtance, will beat black men, and ſay, 'O, it is only a black man, why ſhould I not beat him?' That man will make ſlaves of black people; for when he has taken away their character, he will ſay, 'O, they are only black people, why ſhould not I make them ſlaves?' That man will take away all the people of Africa, if he can catch them; and if you aſk him, But why do you take away all theſe people? he will ſay, 'O, they are only black people, they are not like white people, why ſhould I not take them?' That is the reaſon why I cannot forgive the man who takes away the character of the people of my country."

He was then told, that it would be very wicked to kill this gentleman, or even not to forgive him, ſeeing the ſcriptures ſaid, "Forgive your enemies,"—"Vengeance is mine, I will repay, ſaith the Lord." This immediately quieted his rage, and he became as calm as a lamb, nor was uſed afterwards to expreſs the leaſt anger againſt the gentleman who had ſo much offended him.

At another time, when he ſaw a man beat his horſe about the head, and otherwiſe uſe it ill, he became very angry, and talked of getting a gun to ſhoot the man, for he was ſure he deſerved it, and alſo of carrying a gun always about him to ſhoot ſuch bad people. As ſoon, however, as a paſſage of ſcripture which condemned ſuch violence was mentioned to him, his anger ceaſed, and he became ſorry for it.

(To be continued.)

Humour.

A YOUNG Lady of rank and fortune went out to walk in her father's wood. "Pray, Madam, (ſaid the grey-headed ſteward) may I humbly intreat that you will not go far from home: you may meet with ſtrangers who are ignorant of your quality." "Give your advice (anſwered ſhe) when deſired. I admit of no inſtructions from ſervants."——She walked on with ſatisfaction, enjoying a clear ſky and a cool breeze. Fatigue ſeized her, regardleſs of high birth; and ſhe ſat down on a ſmooth ſpot at the ſide of a high road, expecting ſome equipage to paſs, the owner of which would be

be proud to convey her home. After long waiting, the firſt thing ſhe ſaw was an empty chaiſe, conducted by one who had formerly ſerved her father as a poſtillion. "You are far from home, Madam; will you give me leave to ſet you down at my old maſter's." "Prithee, fellow, be not officious."—Night was faſt approaching, when ſhe was accoſted by a countryman on horſe-back, "Miſtreſs, will you get up behind me; Dobbin is ſure-footed; you ſhall be ſet down where you will, if not far off, or much out of my way." "Miſtreſs! (exclaimed ſhe) how dare you preſume?" "No offence," ſaid the young man, and rode away, humming the ſong *I love Sue.*—It was night: the clouds gathered, the leaves of the trees ruſtled, and the young woman was terrified with what ſhe took for ſtrange ſounds. There came an old man driving an empty dung cart. "Friend, (ſaid ſhe, with an humble accent) will you let me go with you."

Pride is the moſt galling burthen a perſon can walk under. Prudence ſaves from many a misfortune: pride is the cauſe of many.

IN England there is an unrepealed law to inflict a puniſhment or levy a fine on perſons abſenting themſelves from their pariſh churches for more than a limited time. A man in a village in Surry being a defaulter, the parſon threatened the puniſhment unleſs he came to church; in conſequence of which the man went regularly afterwards during the ſermon, and advancing up the middle alley pulled off his hat, ſaying, "Your humble ſervant, Mr. Parſon; your moſt obedient, Sir; you ſee I am come to church, Sir; good bye t'ye, Sir; I'll come again next Sunday." And he paid his addreſſes in this manner till the Parſon was tired of his viſits.

TWO Clergymen entering into converſation, the one lamented the little power his preaching and admonitions had towards reclaiming his pariſhioners from their vices. To which the other replied, he had been more lucky; for he had made many of them proſelytes to the three capital virtues, namely, faith, hope, and repentance. "Aye!" ſays the other, "you have been very fortunate indeed! but, pray, by what means did you bring them to ſo happy a converſion."—"Why," anſwered the other, "by borrowing their money; for had they not had faith in me that I ſhould repay them, they had not lent it; after I had been indebted to them ſometime, they hoped I ſhould return it; but now they know I cannot pay them, they heartily repent they ever lent it me."

A SERVANT maid went to a Lady of Quality, to hire herſelf in the capacity of houſe-maid. Pray, my Lady, ſays the girl, who is to rub the furniture, the footman or me? Neither, replies her Ladyſhip, I do it every day myſelf for my health's ſake; and I wiſh other ladies of quality would do the ſame, to cure them of the vapours, which proceed entirely from habits of inactivity and indolence.—This is an example well worthy of imitation in the preſent age of luxury and diſſipation.

A NUMBER of unfortunate convicts having arrived at the place of execution, one of them, who

who was very inattentive on the awful occaſion, had a gentle rebuke from the *pious Ketch*, which he received with a *ſang froid* ſo perfectly at his eaſe, that he aſked *Ketch* "if he had any commands where he was going?" Jack, in reply, thanked him for the civility, and told him he "believed he muſt *trouble* him with a *line*!" and at that inſtant clapped the halter about his neck.

THE ſcandalous ſale of indulgencies in the Roman Church, it is well known, produced the Reformation.—One Tetzel, a Dominican friar, and a retailer of indulgencies, had picked up a vaſt ſum at Leipſic. A gentleman of that city, who had no veneration for ſuch ſuperſtition, went to Tetzel, and aſked him if he could ſell him an indulgence beforehand for a certain crime, which he would not ſpecify, and which he intended to commit. Tetzel ſaid, "Yes, provided they could agree upon the price." The bargain was ſtruck, the money paid, and the abſolution delivered in due form. Soon after this, the gentleman knowing that Tetzel was going from Leipſic well loaded with caſh, waylaid him, robbed him, and cudgelled him; and told him, at parting, that this was the crime for which he had purchaſed an abſolution. George Duke of Saxony, a zealous friend of the court of Rome, hearing of this robbery, at firſt was very angry; but, being informed of the whole ſtory, he laughed heartily, and forgave the perpetrator of a crime that was thus ſpiritually pardoned by anticipation.

A GENTLEMAN calling upon a friend in the city, who was attended by a phyſician, from the weſt end of the town, he aſked the Doctor if he did not find it very inconvenient to come to his friend from ſuch a diſtance. "Not at all, Sir," replied the ſon of Eſculapius, "for, having another patient in the adjoining ſtreet, I can kill two birds with one ſtone." "Can you ſo," replied the ſick man; "then you are too good a ſhot for me;" and immediately diſmiſſed him.

BANNISTER being in company, and the converſation turning on the ſubject of dreams, a perſon ſaid he dreamed of lice, an evening or two before. Banniſter obſerved, that it was not wonderful, for people generally dreamed at night of what *was running in their heads all day*.

THE famous William Penn ſat with his hat on before Charles II. and the King, as a gentle rebuke for his ill manners, put off his own. Upon which Penn ſaid to him, "Friend Charles, why doſt not thou keep on thy hat?" The King anſwered, "'Tis the cuſtom of this place, that not more than one perſon ſhould be covered at a time."

THE late James Taylor, of penurious memory, when near his death, being told his ſituation, reſolved, at the eleventh hour, to be benevolent. He ſent for the Governor of a public charity, to whom he obſerved, "that his phyſician had informed him he could not live 6 weeks, and he wiſhed to bequeſt the Charity 1500l. But—" The Governor interrupted him with many thanks—"But," he continued, "if you will *allow me the diſcount*, I'll pay the money now."

Poetry.

THE FASHIONABLE REVIEW. No. II.

SUBLIMELY rais'd in mighty poet's throne, [known,
In humber ſtyle, to vulgar readers
By name of *garret*, where the ſpiders ply
Their artful ſnares, to catch the ſimple fly—
No further, in my retinue, a king,
The ſimple herald of the Muſe I ſing
The "living manners" of the world below,
And ſhoot at folly in her ape—the *beau*.
Or hear the dame in nice obſervance tell
The changes faſhion rings upon her *belle*.

If all be true that our wiſe grandma'ms ſay,
The prince of demons, dreſs'd like courtier gay,
Through France, that fickle clime, where faſhions new, [grew,
Like conſtitutions now, ſpontaneous
To give the *ton*, his annual journey made,
And thought, the faſhion chang'd, himſelf well paid.
Sagacious demon! did thy eagle eye,
From cauſe ſo trifling, ſuch effects deſcry?— [elate,
Thou ſaw'ſt in future years, with pride
Thy empire riſing on a ruin'd ſtate;
From folly's rage for change in coat and gown,
That mania riſe, that chang'd for cap, a crown.
The tailor ſlaſh with revolution's ſhears,
To decimals the calendar of years;
The barber taught by thy friſeur, Voltaire,
Cut off the head, as erſt he clipt the hair:
The fopling's hand in democratic vote,
Change conſtitutions as he chang'd his coat.
And all from giddy youth to hoary age,
Turn bedlamites, with innovation's rage;
Till coop'd by Egypt's chief in iron cage,
Their life-doom'd priſon they with rapture view,
And kiſs its bolts and grates, becauſe they're *new*.
There let them feaſt upon the madman's joys,
And clank their chains, and call them freedom's toys.

From this dark ſcene we turn our frighted eyes,
To gaze on meteors in more temp'rate ſkies.
See o'er Britannia's iſle, a comet rare,
With aſpect frowning, and with "horrid hair,"
To weſtern climes its dire contagion ſpreads, [heads.
Foreboding changes ſtrange to female
'Twas late your lot, Columbia's fair to pleaſe
In robes combining elegance and eaſe;
Nor ſought you then with labour'd art to hide
The flowing ringlets, yours, and nature's pride.
"You ſaw the ſtar, and worſhipp'd in the eaſt;"
At faſhion's altar half your charms have ceas'd.
Behold the locks that grac'd the lovely maid,
Hung round her neck, and o'er her boſom play'd,
Now o'er her head in griſly horrors riſe,
And lay their tax on patience and the eyes.
In ſhape of *wig*, the comet now appears,
And calls the laſt ſad office of the ſhears.
What different phaſes ſhow'd the changing fair,
Till wig uſurp'd the place of native hair;
What bonnets, chriſtian'd by ſome warrior's name,
Bore ſhort liv'd records of exotic fame;
When the *Suwarrow* firſt began decline,
And when ſupply'd its place the *Porcupine*; [firſt told,
When *Truxton* boots the toniſh beau
That *Nelſon* muſt be laid aſide as old;

How long the ſtuff'd cravat in vogue has been,
When gain'd dominion o'er the beardleſs chin,
The Muſe remembers not—in future time
Her memorandum ſhall be kept in rhyme.
Think not, ye fair, ſhe would condemn the art,
By which our charmers double charms impart.
As Epicurus, free from ſtoic pride,
She bids your days in cealeleſs pleaſures glide;
Would make thoſe pleaſures permanent as chaſte,
And gently prune to cultivate the taſte.
Virtue and taſte have both a common cauſe,
And taſte as well as virtue has its laws:
Caprice with virtue cannot long be join'd;—
In faſhion's mint are revolutions coin'd.

For the COLUMBIAN PHENIX.

FROM THE SHOP OF PETER QUINCE, ESQ.

INVOCATION

To MESSDAME PATIENCE.

Peter payeth addreſs to Meſſdame Patience—complimenteth the good creature; giveth her credit for compoſure in the hour of noiſe and nonſenſe; for delicacy towards young poets, and neatneſs of compliment. Peter propheſieth—findeth his viſion hath clay feet—and writeth an Elegy.

COME hither THOU, who wear'ſt ſo ſmooth a face; [eaſe
Whoſe features court philoſophy and
Who loſeſt not one particle of grace,
Though toſt tempeſtuous on misfortune's ſeas;

Thee, Peter calls, enchanting fair,
Who wear'ſt a calm, unruffled mien;
And never feel'ſt the hypo, or the ſpleen, [chair.
When humble authors take the elbow-

Whoſe heads bedeck'd with curls of equal ſize; [bands gay,
Juſt ſo arrang'd thy beeds and rib-
Midſt auburne locks, which ſhade cerulean eyes, [way.
And flow, luxuriant, down the milky

White as the driven ſnow, on Alps ſublime, [ing form,
Of curious needle-work and witch-
Thy tucker riſes o'er young Cupid's clime, [charm,
And partly veils the zenith of its

Thee, Peter courts, in robe divinely wrought; [of ſilk;
While gazing at thy beauteous ſocks
Aud hoſe, far whiter than the foaming milk, [brought.
By careful Suſan from old brindle

Nor does the modeſt lad forget to prize,
The mellow ſhadings of thy ſtately form;
He notes each tap'ring, dimpling charm,
With rapt'rous gazes and extatic ſighs.

Then come, bewitching nymph, to Peter's arms;
Or ſit thee down upon his cuſhion'd ſtool;
For Peter longs to practiſe in thy ſchool, [charms.
To taſte thy pleaſures and poſſeſs thy

Yes, Peter wants thee, heaven-deſcended dame,
To help him ſcale time's craggy ſteep,
Up mount Parnaſſus high to leap,
And graſp the fore-lock of immortal fame.

Or if, ſweet ſoul, thou'lt kindly condeſcend,
To ſpread thy influence o'er each reader's ſpirit;
That they may calmly o'er theſe muſings bend, [of merit.
And hunt, with loving eye, for ſtrokes
'Tis all the modeſt bluſhing Peter wiſhes,
To help his tuneful chops to loaves and fiſhes.

A;

At leaſt, permit them not, with eye aſlant,
To view the labours of my grey-gooſe quill;
Nor yet with cold, diſdainful words to chill
The ſtripling wand'rer in the muſes' haunt.

Pho!--this is all a flimſy, whining cant;
A lame-leg'd poet's purring preface,
Proving the chambers of his brain are ſcant,
That he, poor ſoul's, aſhamed to ſhow his face.

Alias, it proves the rogue has written
Rhymes, not fit for Grub-ſtreet, or the North-end;
And that, unleſs by pity's power you're ſmitten—
Low in the vault of Cloe: they'll deſcend;

Or, peradventure, ſeiz'd by man of ſpunk,
Line the rough ſides of oil-cloth trunk.

Now, Peter'd rather ſee each printer d——'d,
Bookſtores in flames and ſtationers in jail;
Than 'gainſt the critic world turn tail; ſhamm'd,
Or fear of fame-immortal he'll be
When once abroad his wares and rhymes are ſpread,
And gain admittance in the public's head.

Belles, beaux and maidens, with their caps turn'd yellow,
Will pore, from morn to midnight, o'er his ditties—
And laugh, and cry, and ſigh, and call them "pretties—
"Sweet children of a likely, laughter-loving fellow."

And then they'll wonder where the rogue was bred,
What god, or goddeſs, gave him pap and caudle;
What fairy dances in his flow'ry noddle,
And who enjoys his cup-board and his bed?

Grave juſtices and fat judges, eke;
Of whom, with many nods and bows, I ſpeak,
Will clap their ſpectacles on noſes;
(As doth a good, old, purblind, dame,
Whoſe underſtanding is a little lame;
When ſhe cons o'er the wond'rous books of Moſes.)
Then ſetting, eaſily, in elbow-chair,
Will ſuck, with liquoriſh chops, his love-pills down;
Then through his marv'lous odes, with marv'ling wonder, ſtare—
And wiſh to call the rhyming rogue their own.

Perhaps ſome parſimonious man of print,
Who ſlights the purer genius of our ſoil,
And loves in *tranſatlantic ſtuff* to toil--
Will take the hint,
And with a multitude of nods and bows,
And "how d'ye do's,"—
Tell Peter, with new type on vellum paper,
His Muſe ſhall light Apollo's conſecrated taper.

Fir'd at the thought, Peter will turn around,
And, with a look half ſcornful, half profound,
Exclaim—dread Sir, from whence aroſe this *bienſeance*—
From love of Peter? or from love of pence?
Eſte, eſte, procul profani!
Peter wiſhes no man to lie.

Then ſit you down, Miſs Patience, while I ſing
The life and death of yonder mould'ring Roſe,
Which a ſweet damſel pluck'd, to pleaſe her noſe—
A ſad, a ſolemn, and a moral thing.

THE ROSE.

An Elegy.

YON Roſe once bloom'd with tincture bright,
Upon the humble greenſward ground,
Was up before the morning light,
And charm'd the neighb'ring ſtalks around.

It gave its fragrance to the air,
And, careleſs, kiſs'd the gentle breeze;
But though it gave—appear'd ſtill fair;
Still offer'd nectar to the bees.

But blooming, with uncommon pride,
And bluſhing, with the rainbow's hue,
Upon the foliage by its ſide,
Which glitter'd with the morning dew;

A fair, who watch'd her fleecy flock,
Beſide the bending poplar's ſhade;
While reſting on a moſſy rock,
Eſpy'd it waving in the glade.

Eager to ſeize the envy'd Roſe,
And with it deck her glowing breaſt,
She left her charge, forſook repoſe,
And pluck'd it from its thorny reſt.

That

That inſtant droop'd its ſpreading leaves;
And ſoon its beauteous colours fled—
In vain CECELIA's boſom heaves,
For with its charms the roſe is dead.

So the divinely charming maid
Sits, careleſs, in the bower of life—
Till by her beauties ſhe's betray'd,
And falls a ſacrifice to grief.

PETER QUINCE.

THE CAPTIVE THRUSH.

ONCE in a garden, ſpread with flowers,
Enamell'd walks, and ſylvan bowers,
A warbling, ſelf-enraptur'd thruſh,
Pour'd out his ſonnet from a buſh,
And ſung with that unlabour'd fire,
Which only genius can inſpire.

Into a cool, umbrageous grot,
The lord of this delectant ſpot,
On ſummer days would oft retreat,
To ſhun the ſcorching, ſolar heat.
He heard the ſongſter tune his note,
He ſaw him ſwell his trilling throat;
For now he ſung in dying ſtrains,
And now he rent the woods and plains;
But then, alas! what pleaſures yield
The ſweeteſt ſonnets of the field,
When foul ſuſpicion, foe to peace,
Bids joy abate, and cares increaſe.
In ſuch a caſe as now expreſt,
My Lord appear'd, nor could he reſt;
Tho' muſic ſweetly charm'd his ears,
His mind was fill'd with anxious fears.
"'Tis true (ſays he) this warbler's ſtrains
Are yet confin'd to my domains;
And when he ſings ſo bold and free,
I raptures feel as well as he:
But what of that? I ſhall not long
Enjoy his ſweetly ſoothing ſong;
For when the ſummer's bloom is paſt,
And Boreas blows his ſurly blaſt,
And all the trees are ſtript of green,
The ſongſter will no more be ſeen.

"Yet hold! a project fills my mind,
By which I ſome relief may find:
It is in early morn to lay
A ſlimy twig on yonder ſpray;
Which, when he perches there to ſing,
Will uſeleſs make his agile wing;
I have him then—and in a cage,
Perhaps he'll ſing for half an age."

The ſnare was laid, the bird was caught,
But now, alas! he's good for nought:
The cauſe that rais'd his fineſt tone,
Sweet liberty! no more is known.
The wiry tenement can yield
No graces like the grove or field:
He never tunes a ſingle lay,
But pining mopes his life away,
Which makes the captor curſe the hour
He exercis'd his wanton pow'r.

From hence we learn, that tyrants oft employ
Uulawful arms, which their own ſchemes deſtroy;
For proudly thinking what is giv'n, too ſmall,
They war with right for more, and forfeit all.

ON HOPE.

HOPE ſheds on all its univerſal ray,
A moon by night, a genial ſun by day;
Pours its rich cordial on the fainting breaſt,
And ſoftly rocks the ſick'ning ſoul to reſt.
Hope gently lulls inquietude to peace,
Bids all the ſtorms of boiſt'rous paſſion ceaſe;
Unaw'd by terror, undiſmay'd by fear,
Beams a ſweet ſmile for ev'ry falling tear.
But now to different ſcenes I turn my view,
To ſcenes where ſorrow wears her deepeſt hue;
But ſure as tears from ſuff'ring ſorrow glide,
Hope ſhines reflected in the cryſtal tide.
With pantings pangs the ſtifling torments bore,
But patient hope gave vent to every pore:
Firm, unappall'd, unſhaken, clear, ſerene,
Hope ſhall ſurvive the melancholy ſcene;
In other orbs inſpire the ſacred ſigh,
And point the paſſage to a brighter ſky.

SPRING

SPRING PROSPECTS.

TING'D in Flora's rainbow hues,
Dipt in vivifying dews,
The woods, the hills, the vernal vales appear:
But ſoon their glowing colours fade!
For all this pleaſing gay parade
Is but the *promiſe* of the *fruitful year*.

Hence learn, ye thoughtleſs and ye vain,
Who fondly dance in pleaſure's train,
Amidſt the gayeſt ſcenes of roſy youth,
To cheriſh ſtill, beneath the flow'rs
That decorate the preſent hours,
The ſacred ſeeds of Innocence and Truth.

ELEGIAC SONNETS.

(Written under the Compreſſure of Sorrow and Sickneſs.)

I.

NO more through pleaſure's flowery walks I ſtray,
Since now immur'd in ſorrow's ſickly ſhade,
Where hope ne'er gilds deſpair's dark clouded day,
And whence her pictures (air-drawn) quickly fade.

Since now no more gay mirth, cheek-dimpled maid!
Soothes my lorn breaſt, which heaves with miſery's ſigh—
Let me beneath ſome turf-green ſod be laid,
And from my griefs to death's cold ſlumbers fly.

Let me be plac'd beneath ſome friendly thorn,
Where evening's bird, for kindred ſorrow's ſake,
Perch'd on ſome bough which May's ſweet flowers adorn,
Her dirge-like ſong ſhall pitying oft awake

To ſoothe my ſpirit calmly ſleeping near,
And wake rich muſic o'er my clay-cold bier.

II.

NOT always did I feign the turtle's moan,
Nor always wore the traces ſad of grief,
Once ſat this heart within its boſom's throne,
Light as the dew-drop on the roſe's leaf!
Once round theſe brows the golden crown of youth
Smiling I wore, and fram'd more pleaſing rhyme,
When peace and friendſhip, life's companions ſmooth,
Dreſs'd with green flowers the moſſy feet of time.

Not with more joy, 'mid ſummer's ſweets, appear'd
The bee, fond pilf'rer of each vernal bloom,
Than I by genuine love's warm ſmiles felt cheer'd,
When pleaſure's ſunſhine gilt my youthful home.

Paſt hours of bliſs, which crown'd life's opening years,
Whoſe charms, now fled, call forth ſad memory's tears.

INSCRIPTION FOR A RILL.

AH! not in vain we ſilver rills
From moſſy fountains flow;
Who brawling down the vocal hills
Leave morals as we go.

Pictur'd in us, may mortals ſee,
In our inceſſant ſtrife,
The toils of drear obſcurity,
The toils of mortal life.

Faſt, faſt we run, ne'er to return,
Like time that ever flies;
Thy fate with us, O man! then mourn,
And mourning be thou wiſe.

Through fretting on our courſe we gain,
Like poor contentious pride,
Yet all our toil is not in vain,
We ſwell the river's tide.

From us, lone trav'llers of the dale,
O be it underſtood,
How e'en the lowlieſt in life's vale
May aid the common good.

For

For the COLUMBIAN PHENIX.

MIRANDA.

EXTERNAL charms we often find
Where there's no beauty of the mind.
Such charms as theſe, we but admire,
Eſteem, and love, they can't inſpire.
Or if a fancy'd love ariſe
From ſhape, and air, and ſparkling eyes,
Deluſion 'tis, it laſts awhile;
We ſee, and at our folly ſmile.
But where the faireſt form is join'd
With all that's lovely in the mind;
Where ſoftneſs, ſweetneſs, mildneſs grace
Each finiſh'd feature of the face;
Where heavenly modeſty and artleſs mien,
And ſimple nature's peerleſs charms are ſeen;
Where parts improved, appear, which more ſurpriſe, [deſpiſe)
(Though ſolid ſenſe in women, moſt
Than all the heaven, which ſhines in Mira's eyes;
Where *ſenſibility* is join'd
With *firmneſs* and a PIOUS mind;
Here let me all my heart at once reſign;
Come ſeize my breaſt, thou paſſion all divine; [mine.
I'll dare to hope Miranda may be

TO A SNOW DROP.

WELCOME ſweet harbinger of op'ning ſpring,
Thy penſive beauties caught my wandering eye;
I've pluck'd thee, ſolitary flower, to bring,
Thy tender frame, where no rude blaſts are nigh.

I ſee, thou ſcarce canſt rear thy drooping head,
For froſts inclement pierc'd thy lovely form, [bed;
But I'll tranſplant thee to a warmer
My hand ſhall raiſe thee, and my fire ſhall warm.

Oh would ſome ſympathiſing gentle hand,
Thus raiſe the human flower, when miſery's dart,
And keen affliction, with her ſcorpion wand,
Would make a victim of the youthful heart.

How would my heart rejoice, could I relieve,
And wipe away the tear from ſorrow's eye,
The child of ſuffering, could ſweet comfort give,
Or change into a ſmile the widow's ſigh.

Alas, the conſolation I would grant
To others, I myſelf muſt never know,
But if the means, the power to bleſs, I want,
I can commiſerate, though not beſtow.

EPIGRAM.

THE Moon, I perceive, ſaid a man to his friend,
Was *dry* as ſhe enter'd, but *wet* at her end.
Indeed! quoth the wag, then her caſe I bewail—
I'm ſorry poor Cynthia has draggled her tail.

To

To the EDITOR *of the* COLUMBIAN PHENIX.

SIR,

THE following is an introduction to a Poem, yet but partly finiſhed. Should I find leiſure, you may expect it complete. This ſcrap you may give the title of

THE MAPLE. CANTO I.

LET the tall oak the bolts of heaven deride,
Or deal his mimic thunder on the tide;
Be this the theme for *Albion's* loftier muſe,
A humbler taſk my fameleſs pen purſues.
Shall roſes bloom in verſe, from age to age,
Shrubs ſpread their foliage on the poet's page,
The willow, poplar, fir and cedar throng,
Alike the claſſic and the ruſtic ſong,
Pines wave in Milton, and no bard be found,
To plant the *Maple* on poetic ground?

Columbia's muſe forbids—in ſimple ſtrain
She ſings the Maple, and the hardy ſwain,
Who draws the nectar from her ſilver pores,
Nor envies India all its pampered ſtores.
What though our colder clime the *Cane* denies?
The cultur'd plant, a native tree ſupplies;
A tree, the faireſt of the foreſt kind,
Alike for uſe and ornament deſign'd;
For uſe, to thoſe, who firſt eſſay the wood,
To form the table and ſupply its food:
To warm the labourer, by its bounty fed,
Or rear the lowly cottage o'er his head.
For ornament, to grace the winding rill,
Wave in the vale, or ſhade the ſhapeleſs hill;
Or leave the foreſt, where it uſeleſs grows,
Riſe, in the cultur'd field, in ſtately rows,
Spread o'er the rocky waſte a ſhady grove,
Where ſportive mirth, and wailing love may rove.

Ere warring ſeaſons reſt in equal ſcales,
While winter now, and now mild ſpring prevails,
Sol's genial beams around the Maple play;
Froſts chill by night, a thrilling warmth by day,
Diſtends each tube, the tube by myſtic laws,
The ſap nutritious from earth's boſom draws.
As higher ſtill the ſwelling tube diſtends,
The circling ſap to every branch aſcends.
Till each young bud the rich nutrition ſhares,
For laurel'd ſpring his earlieſt wreath prepares.
Great univerſal Cauſe, myſterious Power!
That clothes the foreſt, and that paints the flower,
Bids the fell poiſon in the *Upas* grow,
And ſweet nutrition in the Maple flow!
Let wilder'd Deiſts form a world by chance,
And Berkley's pupils dream in endleſs trance;
Their reaſon thoſe, and theſe their ſenſe belie,
Diſcard all matter, and a God deny:
In ſpite of thoſe, th' impartial eye muſt ſee,
Each leaf, a volume—its great author, Thee:
Nor leſs in every twig, than Aaron's rod,
Behold the agency of nature's God!
But, ceaſe my muſe, celeſtial ways to ſcan;
Be thine the taſk to trace the works of man;
Teach him t'obey the firſt great law of Heaven,
To rightly uſe the bounties freely given.
In winter's leiſure, let thy thoughtful care,
The copious tray and finiſh'd tube prepare.
The tray of maple, other wood might blend
Its loathſome juices, and the taſte offend.

When

When genial ſpring commands the ſap to riſe,
Then let the auger of the larger ſize
Inflict the wound; the inſerted tube convey
The ſilver current to the cleanly tray.
My muſe forbids the liberal tree to mar,
And wreſts the ax that deals the deadly ſcar.
Oft have I ſeen the child with ſad abuſe
Of teeth, by nature given for other uſe,
To eager forth the food that cheers its heart,
Wound thoſe fair orbs, that ſtreams of life impart,
Nor ſcarcely blam'd the vengeful hand that roſe,
To teach due caution by untimely blows;
And whilom, once, as rural tales relate,
A hapleſs ruſtic ſhar'd ſeverer fate;
O'er his low cot a generous Maple ſpread
Her ample ſhade, her ſap its tenants fed;
The annual ax the deep inciſion made,
Corroding froſts upon her fibres prey'd,
Till rudely aſk'd her yearly boon to pay,
Few drops remain'd to weep her ſad decay,
While all the foreſt ſmiles in blitheſome green,
A fading foliage marks its injur'd queen,
O'er her ſhorn boughs the red-breaſt ſighs its grief,
And ſings a dirge to every falling leaf.
One fatal night aroſe the ruthleſs ſtorm;
That ſtripp'd each leaf, and wreath'd her comely form;
Revenge no longer able to forego,
She falls like Sampſon on her heedleſs foe;
He, wife and offſpring meet their mournful doom,
And find beneath the wreck, one common tomb!

INVOCATION TO HEALTH.

NYMPH of the roſy cheek, and brilliant eye!
So ſought when abſent—ſo neglected nigh;
Daughter of *Temp'rance*, crown'd with deathleſs flowers
From cryſtal floods, and amaranthine bow'rs,
O, doubly welcome! O'er this languid frame
Thy influence pour, and rouſe the vital flame;
Bid the ſlow pulſe to briſker meaſures beat,
And the glad ſpirits re-aſſume their ſeat,
As in the morn of life—ah, bliſsful morn!—
When bloom'd the roſe of joy without its thorn:
When youth and hope, with all their ſmiling train,
Join'd in the dance, and rais'd their ſyren ſtrain:
Say—wilt thou long thy ſuppliant's ſide attend,
Soothe his ſwoln heart, and prove his boſom friend?
And when that hour ſhall come—for come it muſt!—
When thou ſhalt late ſurrender up thy truſt;
Direct his aims, and point his wearied eyes,
To better worlds, and manſions in the ſkies:
Reſign'd, obedient to great nature's law,
Reluctant then thy ſoft kind hand withdraw;
Then gently lay him on the lap of earth,
To wait the warning voice, that wakes *time's ſecond birth!*

LINES

Suppoſed to be written by Mr. Pope, and found among his Papers, after his Death, in his own hand-writing.

ARGYLE, his praiſe when Southerne wrote,
First ſtruck out this, and then that thought;
Said this was flattery, that a fault;
How could your bard contrive?
My lord, conſider what you do!
He'll loſe his pains and verſes too;
For if theſe praiſes fit not you,
They'll fit no man alive.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

VIENNA, FEB. 3.

IT is announced, with certainty, that the Emperor Paul has yielded to the requiſitions of Suwarrow; which has conſequently for the fourth time changed the deſtination of the Ruſſian army. The latter has ordered the return of his troops to the Rhine.

The Cabinet of Vienna have, for the ſecond time, rejected the pacific overtures of Buonaparte.

PARIS, FEB. 7.

A ſolemn commemoration of *Waſhington*'s death was made the order of the day, for the Conſular guard and all the troops of the republic. The Firſt Conſul ordered, that black crape, for ten days, ſhould be ſuſpended on all the ſtandards and flags of the Republic.

LEGISLATIVE BODY.

13 PLUVOISE, FEB. 2.

In ſpeaking of Gen. Waſhington, Felix Faulcon ſaid,

This is not the moment to retrace in this hall all that that great man has done for the freedom of America; the number and importance of his warlike exploits; the generous inſpiration with which he animated the French who fought under him; and the ſublime act by which he did eternal honour to his memory, when, after having contributed ſo much to give freedom to his country, he laid down voluntarily the ſupreme power to hide his glory in the obſcurity of private life.

Malice and mean jealouſy have attempted to ſpread a deadly venom over ſo great a life; but their perfidious inſinuations are loſt in the univerſal ſuffrages of his grateful fellow-patriots, and of all the freemen in the univerſe.

Yet he is no more—the hero whoſe eulogium affords pleaſure to great minds; who has doubly merited the civic palm, both as a warrior and as a citizen; who combined every virtue with every talent; who, after having begun and ſupported the revolution by his abilities, his valour and virtue, knew how to terminate it by his moderation, as well as the wiſdom of his counſels; who has done more yet than render his countrymen free, who has rendered them happy.

Oh Legiſlators! feel you not your ſouls ſwell at theſe illuſtrious recollections, which, by a privilege worthy to be envied, are connected with nothing to be regretted, and create none but ſweet and elevated emotions? Do you not deſire that this tribune, where we are forbidden to mix our voices in legiſlative diſcuſſions, ſhould at leaſt ſerve to ſhew the impreſſion of our gratitude, of our veneration, of our unanimous ſorrow? Do you not feel the neceſſity of joining our portion of funeral praiſe to that which all free people will addreſs to the manes of the magnanimous Waſhington; and which we owe him ſtill more particularly, we, among whom the electric example of the American revolution, ſowed the firſt ſeeds of the deſire of independence? He moved, that the Preſident ſhould, on the 28th Frimaire (the anniverſary of the day of the General's death) make a ſpeech in honour of the Hero whoſe loſs every one deplores.

The *Conſular* guard, at Paris, conſiſts of 3600 men, ſome *better* than common ſoldiers; probably a little dignified, by guarding the *Architect* of a thing, that ſo well guards the rights and privileges of that order of men. Murat is commander of the guard, and Madame Buonaparte's ſon captain of the guides.

STRATSBURGH, FEB. 15.

Conjecture rumours a proſpect of peace; but another campaign, with redoubled zeal, carnage, and deſtruction, is almoſt certain.

The Auſtrian army is quitting its cantonments, to proceed to the bank of the Rhine and the Necker. Late London papers declare the Auſtrians in complete readineſs to open the campaign, and that the French are by no means unprepared.

Hoſtilities between Ruſſia and Pruſſia are in embryo, and will undoubtedly hatch during the approaching *hot weather*. The armies of the latter are increaſing, and about proceeding to Poland.

Gen.

Gen. Kray, who is now at Vienna, is daily expected to leave that place for the Rhine. He will command the army which is to be oppoſed to the left wing, and will act independently of Prince Charles, who is to oppoſe Moreau in Switzerland.

The Union of Ireland with Great-Britain is completely eſtabliſhed, and its opponents fairly ſubdued. The faction appears to ſubſide, and a rational and happy acquieſcence, it is hoped, will ſucceed.

PARIS, FEB. 23.

Mr. Murray, the American Envoy, with Mr. M'Cartney, his ſecretary, are in this city.

On the 19th, the CONSULS were inſtalled, with great pomp, in their places at the Thuilleries. Buonaparte's coach was drawn by ſix white horſes, which were preſented him by the Emperor of Germany, on the concluſion of the treaty of Campo Formio. The ſword he wore was alſo a gift of the Emperor's, on the ſame occaſion.

Gen. Dumourier has paid his reſpects to Louis XVIII. at Mittau.

The orators at London and Paris have taken opportunities in very ſublime and eloquent terms, to eulogize the life and virtues of our late *political Father*. Buonaparte has ordered his *ſtatue* to be erected among thoſe of the philoſophers, orators, and heroes of ancient and modern times.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

SENATE *of the* UNITED STATES.

WM. Duane, editor of the Aurora, publiſhed at Philadelphia, was called on to appear at the bar of the Senate, for publiſhing a libel againſt certain members of the ſame, in violation of the conſtitutional privileges of that body. The day of trial being ſet, he was let to bail for his appearance. By advice of his counſel, A. T. Dallas, and Thomas Cooper, of his appearance made default: he addreſſed himſelf by letter to the Preſident of the Senate, incloſing the letters he had from his intended counſel; the reſult we have not heard.

Several acts have been enacted, but few, however, of general moment.

HOUSE *of* REPRESENTATIVES.

A reſolution has paſſed both Houſes of Congreſs, expreſſive of the gallant and heroic conduct of Commodore TRUXTON, in his engagement with the Vengeance, a French frigate of 54 guns. A gold medal was ordered to be ſtruck and preſented to Capt. Truxton, deſcriptive of the action, which enrolls his name on the pages of American proweſs. The Houſe unanimouſly applauded the firmneſs of midſhipman JARVIS, who intrepidly preferred death to the deſertion of his poſt, tho' appriſed of his danger by his ſuperior officers.

The reſolution of Mr. Livingſton, reſpecting *Robbins* alias *Naſh*, has cauſed very lengthy and intereſting debates: it is rejected.

Congreſs will riſe the ſecond week in May; after which the ſeat of Government and all the public offices are to be removed to city Waſhington.

MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES.

PHILADELPHIA, *April* 19.

Yeſterday William Cooper was arraigned at the bar of the Circuit Court of the United States, in this city, upon an indictment of the Grand Inqueſt of the United States, for a ſeditious libel againſt the Preſident, and other executive officers of the United States. To the indictment the defendant filed his plea of *Not Guilty*. After receiving every indulgence from the court, in the preparation of his defence, the priſoner thought proper to diſpenſe with evidence, and juſtify himſelf, by an argument of three hours length. He has ſince been called and permitted to allege any thing in extenuation of his offence; but he *conſcious* choſe to be ſilent. He is ſentenced to pay a fine of

of 400 dollars, to endure *ſix months* impriſonment, and to enter into bonds for his good behaviour for one year, himſelf in the ſum of 1000 dollars, and two ſureties of 500 dollars each.

The frigate Preſident, of 44 guns, has been launched at New-York, ſaid to be a complete model of naval architecture. At the ſame place the frigate New-York, of 38 guns, built by the merchants of that city, for the purpoſe of loaning her to Government. Capt. *Robinſon* is appointed to her command. Our little navy grows with our growth; and may it ſoon, like the American Eagle, riſe triumphant and ſay to the world, "We will be free."

Capt. Tryon, of the ſhip Connecticut, has gallantly followed the example of Truxton, and ſucceſsfully diſperſed and taken many of the piratic free-booters of the Terrible Republic.

The Secretary of State has received the following Proclamation of the King of Spain, from the American Conſul at Cadiz.

[TRANSLATION.]

BLOCKADE OF GIBRALTAR.

HIS Catholic Majeſty, deſirous of leſſening as far as poſſible the injuries reſulting to the Nation by the ſhameful trade carried on by many of his ſubjects with the garriſon of Gibraltar by means of neutral veſſels, and availing himſelf of the right of making repriſals on the enemies of his crown, who have declared the ports of Cadiz and St. Lucar in a ſtate of Blockade:—His Majeſty is therefore pleaſed to order, that from this day, the garriſon of Gibraltar ſhall be conſidered as blockaded, and that in conſequence thereof all neutral veſſels bound to that port ſhall be conſidered as lawful prizes.

Publiſhed for the information and government of this city and neighbourhood. Cadiz, Feb. 28, 1800.

Appointment by Authority.

CHARLES W. BIRD, Eſq. is appointed Secretary of the territory of the United States, N. W. of the Ohio.

Theſpian.

A number of the moſt reſpectable young gentlemen, of Philadelphia, have formed themſelves into a ſociety, called *The Theſpian Society*, for the purpoſe of improving themſelves in the accompliſhing art of theatrical ſpeaking. Their firſt eſſay convinced a very numerous and genteel audience of their dramatic taſte, their impreſſive and judicious manner of acting, and happy conception of character. Who ſays we muſt import Theſpian excellence, or do without it?

IS THE MAN A GIANT?

A pair of ſhoes was made a few days ago, in this city, by Mr. William Grum, in Chreſſen's Alley, between Fifth and Sixth Streets, for a man in the Jerſey; the ſize of which is ſo aſtoniſhing, that we communicate their dimenſions to the public—incredible as it may appear, the fact is to be relied on, that the meaſurement of one ſhoe is as follows:

	Inches.
The length of the ſhoe -	28⅜
length of the hind quarter	13½
length of the vamp -	9
length of the heel -	6
width of the ſole -	6½
width of the heel -	5½
length of the vamp over the inſtep - -	12½
circumference over the inſtep	20
circumference lengthways	44

N. B. In one of theſe ſhoes, two ſizeable men put all four of their feet, and did not fill it; nevertheleſs, it is ſuppoſed that the ſhoes will be rather tight on the man's feet for whom they are made. The price of making them was ſix dollars. We are told that the man has no diſeaſe in his feet, but they are of their natural ſize; and that he is an active, ſmart man, of prodigious bulk. It is in contemplation to procure a pair of his old ſhoes for the Muſeum, if he will agree to it.

NEW-YORK, April 26.

Capt. Strangman, of the Swediſh ſchooner Ophelia, 17 days from Anguilla, informs, that he ſaw the action between the United States brig Eagle, Capt. Campbell, and the French privateer the Conqueror of Egypt. The Frenchman was captured, and carried into St. Kitts. It was reported, that Capt. Campbell was ſhot in the action.

BOSTON,

MARRIAGES.

IN this town, Mr. John Clarke Howard, merchant, to Miſs Hepzibah Clarke Swan, eldeſt daughter of James Swan, Eſq.

Mr. John O. Watts, of Portland, to Miſs Nabby Cheney, of this town.

By the Rev. Dr. Stillman, Mr. Edmund Ranger, to Mrs. Elizabeth Clarke.

By the Rev. Mr. Baldwin, Capt. Reuben Carver, to Mrs. Sarah Kelſa.

Mr. Charles Clement, to Miſs Dolly Quincy.

By the Rev. Dr. Thatcher, Mr. Daniel Benjamin, to Miſs Elizabeth Cheeſman.

At *Salem*, Mr. Thomas Butman, to Miſs Polly Symonds.

At *Worceſter*, Mr. Luke Gray, to Miſs Julette Marſhall.

Mr. Daniel Greenleaf, printer, to Miſs Mary Chamberlain.

At *Springfield*, Rev. Henry Auguſtus Rowland, of Windſor, (Conn.) to Miſs Frances Bliſs.

At *Somerſet*, (Maſſ.) Doctor Thomas Danforth, of Boſton, to Miſs Elizabeth S. Bowers, daughter of the late Jerathmiel Bowers, Eſq.

At *Roxbury*, by the Rev. Mr. Porter, Capt. Benjamin Rich, to Miſs Suſannah Heath, daughter of Mr. Samuel Heath, of that place.

At *Nantucket*, Mr. George Whippy, to Miſs Eunice Coleman.

Mr. Daniel Jones, to Miſs Lydia Swain.

Mr. Peter Ray, to Miſs Silva Raymond.

In the South Friends' Meeting-Houſe, Mr. Thomas Marſhall, to Miſs Lydia Gardner.

Mr. Robert Coffin, to Miſs Mary Coffin.

DEATHS.

IN this town, Mr. Aaron Rumrill, in the 65th year of his age.

Mrs. Rebecca Gair, widow of the late Rev. Thomas Gair, aged 44 years.

Mrs. Abigail Baker, aged 77.

Mr. John Seager, aged 30.

Mr. William Crocker, aged 53.

Maſter Charles Revere, aged 13, ſon of Mr. P. Revere, jun.

Mrs. Mary Eyres, aged 87.

Miſs Lydia Welch, daughter of Capt. Hezek. Welch, aged 23.

Mr. Thomas Richardſon, ropemaker, aged 33.

Mr. James Dunlap, merchant, aged 34.

Miſs Betſey Weld, aged 20, daughter of Mr. Benjamin Weld, Deputy-Collector of the Cuſtoms.

Greatly lamented, Mrs. Mary Morſe, aged 33, the amiable and virtuous conſort of Doctor Eliakim Morſe. It is but juſtice to ſay, ſhe poſſeſſed an amiable and pleaſing diſpoſition and deportment; exemplary in her domeſtic concerns; a pleaſing companion, and a tender mother. Her ſickneſs was of long duration, attended with much pain and diſtreſs, which ſhe bore with great fortitude, and exemplified the Chriſtian religion with patience and forbearance,

forbearance, and, like a true Chriſtian, was reſigned to leave this world, and go to that God whom ſhe adored.

Mrs. Lydia Carnes, eldeſt daughter of the Hon. Richard Derby, Eſq. of Salem, deceaſed.

After a lingering illneſs, Mrs. Sarah Winthrop, in the 42d year of her age, widow of the late John Winthrop, Eſq. Her character is too exalted to need any eulogium.

For both their parents dead the orphans mourn,
With anguiſh keen the filial breaſt is torn;
Yet, at this thought let peace and comfort riſe,
They meet in realms of bliſs above the ſkies.

Drowned, from on board the ſhip Mary Anne, on her paſſage from Boſton to St. Sebaſtians, Mr. John Lee, ſon of Col. William R. Lee, of Marblehead; a young man whoſe virtues rendered him dear to all his acquaintance, whoſe youthful genius and enterpriſe, preſaged a reſpectable and uſeful manhood, whoſe conduct had ſecured the tendereſt affections, and raiſed the fondeſt hopes of his parents and kindred; hopes, alas! now buried in the "Rolling Ocean's vaſt abyſs."

'Thou child of virtue and of truth, adieu,
Your toils and pains and dangers are no more;
The tempeſt now ſhall howl unheard by you,
While ocean ſmites in vain the trembling ſhore.

What though no funeral pomp, no ſable bier
Your hour of death, to gazing crowds ſhall tell,
Nor weeping friends be nigh to ſhed the tear,
And ſadly liſten to the paſſing bell,
Yet ſhall remembrance, from oblivion's veil,
Relieve your ſcene, and ſigh with grief ſincere,
And ſoft compaſſion, at your tragic tale,
In ſilent tribute pay her kindred tear.'

Mrs. Lydia S. Holland, the wife of Mr. John G. Holland, aged 28.

Mrs. Rebecca Greene, wife of David Greene, Eſq. aged 41. On the tomb of this excellent lady, gratitude, affection and truth will unite to inſcribe her virtues. With a cultivated mind, and a pure heart, benevolent, and rich in good deeds, ſhe was formed to be the companion of excellence. As a mother, truly exquiſite were her feelings, and yet equally free from the weakneſs of her ſex. Friendſhip in her was life; *it was ſtrong even in death.* She poſſeſſed an elegant taſte for the enjoyments of ſociety; but the glory of her character was conſpicuous in all the domeſtic connexions. She was happy, but only when diffuſing happineſs. Her memory will be conſecrated by the bleſſings of the poor, and the tears of friendſhip. Elevated from the rank of a mortal, to the ſociety of celeſtial ſpirits, ſhe has left to us the image of her virtues, and reſtored to them the fair original.

At *Guilford, (Con.)* Mr. David Thompſon, aged 97, a native of *Ireland.*

At *N. Haven,* Mr. Abraham Harding, aged 27, a native of *Medway (Maſſ.)*

At *Gorham,* Mrs. Sarah Foſter, aged 99.

At *Marlborough,* Mrs. Eliza Gibbon, wife of Mr. Samuel Gibbon, aged 32.

At

At *Brookfield*, Mr. Edward Paul, aged 21.

At *Salem*, Mr. Joſeph Bowditch, aged 42.

At *Nantucket*, Miſs Hepzibah Mitchel, aged 13 years.

Mr. Francis Barnard, aged 80.

Mr. Reuben Worth, aged 74.

At *Groton*, after a long and tedious illneſs, Mr. Nathaniel Gardner, merchant, aged 41, formerly of this town.

Drowned in *Concord River*, on his return home from this town, Mr. Richard Kneeland, belonging to *Weſtford*, a gentleman of reſpectability.

On the 25th inſt. at *Jamaica Plain*, Mrs. Hannah Hatch, conſort of Crowel Hatch, Eſq. aged 35. The obituary hath ſeldom announced the flight of a purer ſpirit. Thoſe who ſhared the pleaſure of her acquaintance have too well learnt her worth, to let it ſoon paſs from their recollection. Her intereſting and engaging manners, ſweetened by a moſt amiable temper, and a moſt generous and liberal diſpoſition, ſecured her the warmeſt attachment from all her friends. Feeling alive to every ſentiment of humanity, benevolence in her found a warm advocate, and diſtreſs was never ſooner known to her, than alleviated. To make others happy, was the conſummation of her own happineſs. Her ſoft and gentle heart was attuned to every thing amiable. Her affectionate huſband will never forget her domeſtic virtues, nor ceaſe to regret his irreparable loſs. Her children, too young as yet to feel the wound, will know it hereafter by experience. Friendſhip is in tears—virtue weeps over her urn; but her beſt monument will ſtand in the breaſt of gratitude—in the boſom of affection.

At *Springfield*, the Hon. John Worthington, Eſq. aged 81, an eminent Barriſter at law.

At *Charleſton S. C.* Capt. Caleb Wheedon, of Greenwich, R. I.

At *Providence*, Mr. William Baſs, aged 31, ſon of Mr. Samuel Baſs, of this town.

At *Keene*, Mr. Reuben Fenno, aged 32.

At *Lincoln*, Mr. John B. Barret, aged 24.

At *Bridgewater*, 10th ult. Miſs Parna Young, aged 18, daughter of Lt. Robert Young.

At *Putney*, V. Mrs. Mary Sabin, conſort of Hon. Noah Sabin, aged 83. Her deſcendants are 6 children, 53 grand children, and 48 great-grand children.

At *Woodſtock*, C. Deac. David Williams, aged 81.

At *Baltimore*, Mr. Gerald Hopkins.

At *Amherſt*, by the falling of a tree, Mr. Aaron Wilkins, aged 55.

At *Eaſtwindſor*, Mr. Caleb Barſlow, ſhip carpenter, aged 53, late of Providence.

At *Weathersfield*, Mr. H. Crane, aged 52.

At *Taunton*, much lamented, Mrs. Mary Keith, in the 57th year of her age. The melancholy accident which befel the deceaſed, and was the cauſe of her death, by being made public, will ſerve as a warning to the living. In the night of the tenth of January laſt feeling herſelf indiſpoſed, ſhe left her chamber and went below to the fire; after increaſing and ſetting a few minutes before it, ſhe was attacked by a ſudden pain, and faintneſs enſued; ſhe attempted to withdraw from the fire, and in the action, fainted and fell into the flames, where ſhe remained till her groans awoke the family, who did not get to her aſſiſtance until the fire had produced ſuch horrid effects, as to baffle the power of medicine and healing—adminiſtered and applied under the direction of the moſt ſkilful of the faculty.

During

During her languiſhment, which continued nine weeks, her ſufferings were ſuch as to command tears from every beholder, yet ſhe bore it with that fortitude, which religion alone can inſpire.

At *Truro*, Joſiah Damon, ſon to the Rev. Jude Damon, of the croup, a diſorder which has proved fatal to many children upon Cape-Cod.

At *Brookline*, Mrs. Mary Eaſterbrooks, wife of Samuel Eaſterbrooks of that place.

At *Glouceſter*, Mrs. Abigail Pearce, aged 43, conſort of David Pearce, Eſq.

At *Manſfield*, (Con.) Deacon Edmund Freman, A. M. in the 89th year of his age. He graduated at Harvard Univerſity, 1733, was many years a member of the Legiſlature in that State, was much reſpected, and although he lived to a great age, he retained his intellectual faculties to the laſt moment, when he cloſed the ſcene of a well ſpent life without a groan or ſtruggle, and greatly lamented. He hath left, except one who died in infancy, all his children, nine in number, to ſurvive him.

At *Stratford*, Mr. Thaddeus Birdſeye, aged 47. Mr. Birdſeye, was a ſon of the Rev. Nathan Birdſeye, now living, aged 86; his wife is likewiſe living, aged 84. They have had 12 children, the oldeſt is 60 years of age, and the youngeſt is 37, all now living, except the above mentioned Thaddeus. They have had 54 Grand Children, 54 of whom are now living, and 32 Great Grand Children.

At *St. Mary's County*, (Maryland,) Mr. Cornelius Barber, aged 86.

At *Newport*, John Pitman, Eſq. aged 81. Mr. Geo. Martin, aged 88.

At *Albany*, Iſaac Gouverneur, Eſq. of the Houſe of Gouverneur Kemole and Co. of *New-York*.

Foreign Deaths.

In *London*, the Marchioneſs of *Bute*.

In *England*, Lord Lilford, formerly the celebrated Mr. Powis.

In *Ireland*, Dr. Newcomb, Lord Primate of Ireland.

At *St. Thomas*, in Dec. laſt, Mr. William R. Apthrop, aged 28. To the ſtricteſt integrity of conduct, as a man of buſineſs, he united every quality that adorns private life, and while to his friends and nearer connexions, his loſs is irreparable, the diſintereſted will drop a tear at the remembrance of his virtues.

In *Liverpool* (Eng.) Jan. laſt, Mr. John Grew, merchant of this place, of the houſe of Bolton and Grew. Society has loſt an honeſt man; the merchants a methodical and punctual merchant; friendſhip a tried friend; the religion of Chriſt a zealous and judicious advocate and the uniform exemplary Chriſtian.

'But for the good all honeſt hearts will mourn,
And wreaths immortal flouriſh round their urn.'

At *Halifax*, Mr. Benj. Salter, merchant.

Mrs. Mary Neguſt, wife of Mr. Henry Neguſt.

On his paſſage from *Jamaica*, Mr. Roger Owen, aged 22, ſon of the late John Owen, deceaſed.

At *Hanover*, Capt. Simeon Curtiſs, aged 80.

At *Nice*, Jan. 9, Gen. Championet, Chief of the French army of Italy, aged 37--after 12 days illneſs.

At *Jamaica*, laſt June, John Orr, formerly of *Boſton*, a native of *Scotland*.

In *Hamburg*, Oct. 15, Mr. James Graham, of *Wellfleet*.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ OUR SCHOOL-BOY, who feels grieved at the "*unnatural diſtinctions of Society*, is adviſed not to meddle with politics; as it is clearly deducible from his communication, that he is totally unacquainted with the political ſituation of our country, and therefore cannot have a proper conception of the bad effects, which the adoption of his puerile ſentiments and opinions, are calculated to produce; and beſides, it is a ſubject which ought only to occupy the attention of men of talents, experience, virtue, and integrity: among whom our youth cannot with propriety be ranked.

The Lady who writes under the ſignature of the "*Fair Virginian*," poſſeſſes much literary merit—Her firſt number ſhall appear immediately after ſhe furniſhes us with her ſecond.

The "*Queriſt*" might lead *ſome* to believe that he is competent to the ſolution of his own queſtions: and to make *all* believe ſo, appears to be his principal object:—he is willing "to taſte the *nut*, without the trouble of cracking the *ſhell*."

A continuance of *Amanda's* poetic favours will be gratefully received and duly acknowledged.

Diogenes' communication on the preſent ſtate of politics cannot be admitted; his gall and acrimony have originated in the bitterneſs of his own ſoul. The evils againſt which he ſo loudly clamours may require a remedy, but not ſuch a one as he preſcribes.

The WIT, who furniſhed us with a ſet of *original* and *chaſte* anecdotes, is adviſed to reſerve them for a ſupplement of a new edition of the Earl of Rocheſter's works.

TO PATRONS.

FROM the very liberal and flattering patronage the *Phenix* has received, and which is rapidly increaſing, we can confidently promiſe our patrons a continual addition to its merit. 'Till now, we could not, with certainty, declare the ſucceſs of a thing, whoſe predeceſſors have prematurely expired. Great expenſes are daily accruing to procure from all parts of *America* and *England*, the moſt chaſte, intereſting and inſtructive matter proper for a work of this kind. Our correſpondence with geniuſes of the firſt conſideration, who promiſe a periodical continuance of their favours, will furniſh a rich repaſt to the lovers of literature, ſentiment and humour.

A Gentleman of the higheſt reſpectability as a writer, reſiding in London, will give us a regular monthly collection, of the moſt important European incidents. We think we may, by the confluence of theſe our extended reſources, and which ſhall ſtill be extended with the growth of our proficiency and ſucceſs, anticipate the approbation and aſſiſtance of a numerous and reſpectable proportion of literary Patrons in the United States.